

THE
AMOURS
OF
Messalina

Late Queen of ALBION.
IN WHICH.

Are Briefly Couch'd, Secrets of the

IMPOSTURE
OF THE
CAMBRION Prince,
THE

Gothick League,

And other COURT INTRIGUES of
the Four last Years Reign, not yet made
PUBLICK

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confident of
Q. MESSALINA.

LONDON, Printed for John Lyford, 1689.

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THE TRANSLATOR TO THE READER.

HAVING Correspondance with a Gentleman, Resident in Cologne, the Repositorium of all the Oppressed Subjects of Gothland, where they first unload their Grievances and thence disperse them all over Europe.

Among other pieces of Curiosity received from the said Gentleman, were these few Sheets, presented to him by the Man who prints them, and from whom he has a promise of the Second Part (that was just putting to the Press) and as soon as printed off, I may expect them by the first Post; they bear the Title of *Les Amours de MESSELI-NA DERNIERE REINE d'ALBION*, and pen'd, as the Printer informs my Friend, by a Woman of Quality sometimes a Confident of Messalina late Queen of Albion, and one that has been very familiar with her in the most secret Intrigues; but upon some disgust received since their Retirement to the Gothish Court (proceeding, as is sup-posed, from the Haughty and Intolerable Humour of the Queen) has thereupon left the Court, and being very much out of Favour, is retir'd unto the Electorate of Cologne, it seems to carry the appearance of an Historical Novel, and contains most of the Cabinet Contrivances of the Court of Albion for these last four Years, it lays open the Villainous Contrivances of the Pagan Priests, especially Father Pedro's, against the Peace and Welfare of the Christian Religion in that Kingdom; it discovers the Life of the late Queen, with her Project to intail PO-PE-RY and SLAVERY on the Nation: It discovers the
Musti's

The Translator to the Reader.

Musties or High Priest, together with the Antichristian King of Gothland's Intrigues, at least to Imbroil, if not totally to Subvert the Power and Interest of all the Christian Princes in Europe: It gives an Account of the Weakness and Oversight of the late King Lycognes, in suffering himself first to be led by the Nose by Polydorus King of the Gauls, afterwards to become his Pentioner, and to have as it were his whole dependance upon him: As lastly his Ungenerous and Cruel LEAGUE with the said King, not only to destroy or ruin all his own Christian Subjects, but even to Exterpate what they are pleas'd to call the Northern Herisie from the Face of the Earth.

It further shews the wicked and unparallel'd Design of the late Queen Messalina, to impose upon and wrong the King her Husbands Children, two lovely Princesses, of their Jult and Lawful Pretensions to the Crown of Albion.

P. S. While I was Correcting this Preface for the Printer, in order to its Immediate publication, the Dutch Post-man brings my Forreign Letters, one of which is from my Cologne Friend, in which is Inclosed the printed Sheets of the Second Part, where (on a Cursolary view of them) I find the Intrigues of his Brittish Highness layed open, shewing (after the failure of Count Davila and Father Pedro) the Secret Intrigues of the WARMING-PAN; in which is briefly Couch'd the whole management of that Imposture. With a New Amour that has lately happen'd since the Courts retirement into Gothland, between King Polydorus and Queen Messalina: Wherein are several Secrets of the Pagan League not yet expos'd: But such is the over eagerness of the Bookseller, that I cannot perswade him to stop the publication of this, but I am over perswaded to publish them in two Parts, as they are in the Original.

Fair

F Air *Albion* had for many years enjoy'd all the pleasures that Peace and Plenty could afford, and by a long discontinuance from War, seem'd to have degenerated from those inclinations to Glory which have been accounted natural to the People of that Famous Island; the last time they carry'd out their Victorious Arms, was against their Neighbours on the *Belgick* Coasts, where after many signal proofs of Courage and Ability on both sides, the Quarrel proceeding chiefly from Emulation of each others Power and Trade, a firm and lasting Peace was concluded between them: And now *Britomardes* the Second of that Name, King of *Albion*, having against his natural disposition been obliged to spend the first and better part of his Youth in all those hazards and difficulties which a Civil War within the Bowels of his own Countrey, and a twelve Years Exile abroad laid him open to, he at last, to his wonderful satisfaction, finds himself at liberty to follow the current of his own Humour, and resolves to Sacrifice the remaining part of his Life to the soft temptations of Love and Pleasure: But see the fallibility of Humane Resolutions, and how easily Providence can disappoint our firmest Expectations, for though *Britomardes* knew how to improve his Minutes of Love and Delight to as great advantage as any Prince in the World, yet he could very rarely find himself disengaged from those weighty Cares that necessarily attend the Thrones of Great Princes, or from the apprehensions of some

impending Dangers which the many discoveries of Plots and Conspiracies against his Life, imprinted in him: He at last dying, without lawful Issue, *Lycogenes* the Second, his only Brother, succeeded, a Prince who in his Youth and Adversity gave so signal proofs of his Virtue and Gallantry, that he rendered himself the Admiration of Forreign Countries, and the Delight and Love of his own, but (I know not by what unhappy Councils thereunto incited) after his coming to the Crown of *Albion*, he committed so many Irregularities against even the Peace and Safety of his own People, that they were obliged to call in *Anaximander*, Prince of the *Low Lands*, to their Assistance to defend their Lives, which they affirm'd *Lycogenes* had expos'd and sold to *Polydorus* King of the *Gaules*, and to recover their Rights and Liberties which, say, they their King had encroach'd upon and taken from them: *Lycogenes* had by his first Wife (who was Daughter to a Noble Peer of *Albion*) two Lovely Princesses to his Daughters, the Eldest called *Artemisia*, Married to *Anaximander*, the other *Philadelphia*, Married to *Polycrates* the Northern Prince. His second Wife was *Messalina*, Daughter of a Huge Prince in *Italy*, and nearly Related to *Boanerges* the High-Priest, a Lady sent by Heaven to determine the Fate of Poor *Lycogenes*, and to ruine the growing greatness of the Pagan Interest in the Kingdom of *Albion*: She was, as to her Person, all that could be wisht in a great Woman, she had a Majestick, Lofty Carriage, black Hair, delicate sparkling Eyes of the same Colour, a handsome Nose, her Mouth extreamly pretty when she smil'd, her Face Oval, her Look demure and fullen, except when she was in Company with her Favourites; she was tall and well shap'd, and to those

those who only look'd on her, she made lovely Figure ; she took, according to the mode of her Country, a great delight in Musick and Amour ; Before her arrival at *Albion*, she had spent part of her time in the Court of *Gothland*, where she behav'd her self with that Gallantry, and so far insinuated into the favour of that Court, that 'tis believ'd *Lycogenes* receiv'd his first recommendation of her from the King of the *Gaules* ; she look'd upon the Nobility of *Albion* either too just to their King, or too unworthy of her Favours, to entrust them with any part of her Intrigues, and therefore she chose to be beholding to the High-Priest and to *Polydorus*, for Persons that might at once serve both her Love and Ambition ; and though *Lycogenes* did all to oblige her, that a fond over-weening Love could prompt a Man to, yet he found it more than a difficulty many times to prevail with her to keep within such rules as were most agreeable to his Honour, and requisite for the Peace and Security of his Kingdom ; *Messalina* after *Lycogenes* Accession to the Crown, upon the Height and Eminence of her new Station, seem'd to have receiv'd a new Air and Temper too ; for during the Reign of *Britomardes* (her *Lycogenes* then but a Subject) she bore her Grandeur with that universal Complaisance and Condescension, that possibly the Renown of her Prideless Meen and Deportment, out-ran the very Fame of her Beauty, and the same Poetick Raptures that daily Deified the one, built Altars too to the other. All Tongues were full of her Praises, and there wanted not her Applause even in all Corners of the World. But as if Fortune had tried to match her own Mutability in that Change which the Advance to a Crown soon wrought through her whole Temper and Carriage ; the

Anointing Drops seem'd to have infused so strange a Spirit of Ambition and Haughtiness, that her former Dearest Darlings and Favourites were then thought scarce worthy the Honour of being her Vassals, insomuch that that Universal Qaire that before had so chanted her Praises, were all of a sudden struck dumb; whilst the Exaltation of her Pride, with that of her Glory, had infinitely rebated the edge of the late popular Veneration. But as disgusted as so haughty a Behaviour soon made her, not only by the People, but the very Courtiers of *Albion*; We are to consider 'twas in the Days of her more humble State, and gentler Charms, that she gain'd the Heart of her *Lycogenes*. 'Tis true, as her Pride became a Fault, however it brought one Vertue with it, in giving a Check to her former Inclination to Intrigue; her sometimes Favourites (upon her Ascent to a Throne) being now a little removed to a Distance unworthy of Graces so sublime. The long expected and long sigh'd for Day of her Imperial Dignity being come, she could not without abundance of Regret behold those Wrinkles Age had already made in the Face of her *Lycogenes*, she would often ruminate on the Sensible Decay Time and continual Cares had wrought in the Strength and Vigour of the King her Husband, she could not consider his weak and seldom Caresses any otherwise than as *Memento Mori* to her own Glory and Ambition; she saw many whom the unkindness, shall I say Injustice of *Lycogenes* had render'd cold and disaffected to his Interest, gaping with expectation of a speedy Change; she was not insensible that the moment of his Death would probably be the Eternity of her Ruine, and that at least her Honour, if not her Life, would be endanger'd; these

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Considerations would often perplex the Mind of *poor*
Messalina, and would often check the current of her
 Joy even in the height of all her Glory. 'What?
 would she cry, 'must this be the weak Foundation
 'whereon all my future Hopes must rest? Must all
 'my Glorious Projects lean on the uncertain Secu-
 'rity of a Feeble Husband's Life? Shall the present
 'possession of a Crown seem so to transport my
 'Thoughts, as to leave me careless of all future
 'Contingencies, or shall I think the high Station of
 'a Queen of *Albion* so far above my Personal Me-
 'rit, that like a cheating Gamester, I can be willing
 'to refund, or lay down my Royalty? No, no, *Mes-*
 '*salina*, think of the Grandeur of thy Mighty House,
 'think of thy yet but Blooming Youth and Beauty;
 'but above all, think of thy boundless lofty Soul,
 'which will sooner break than bend to the least de-
 'rogation of thy Honour: Remember *Boanerges*,
 'thy holy Patron and Kinsman, and the Mighty *Foly-*
 '*dorus*, do something worthy their great Alliance &
 'Friendship: Remember the Eyes of all thy Sect ex-
 'pect thy wonderful Operations; and since the neces-
 'sity of Time requires thy speedy Resolutions, re-
 'move boldly whatever dare obstruct thy Will, and
 'let thy Orders have a speedy execution. Such were
 the extravagant Thoughts of Unhappy *Messalina*,
 which were yet heightened afterwards by the pernicious
 Counsels of Count *Davila*, and Father *Pedro*,
 her two chief Assistants in all her Consultations, and
 sent on purpose to work on the restless Humour of
 this Queen, by *Boanerges* the High-Priest, to pro-
 mote the Interest of the Pagan Faction in the King-
 dom of *Albion*. These two, according to their In-
 structions, draw first a Scheme of what they had
 to do, and then like crafty Workmen, proceed to

the Manner, Time, and Place for the execution of their Projects ; they soon come to a determination of the manner of their proceedings, for being sensible of the main points whereon all the Queens Satisfaction seem'd to depend ; to wit, Amour and Religion, (two things so relative and reciprocal to each other all over *Italy* and great part of *Gaule* ; that you shall seldom see a Devotee without the attendance of her *Enamouratto*, or a Man at his Prayers without mingling some pithy Ejaculations to the Saint that kneels by him) that they seem'd to have little else to do than to make seasonable applications to the Queens humour, as time and opportunity should give leave. The Count was a tall slender Man, well shap'd, black Ey'd ; and quick, a large Nose, but thin Fac'd, facetious in his Discourie, and after the Italian way Musical ; he had been well acquainted with *Messalina* in *Italy*, and had without any signal reason to despair, made several address'es of Love to her ; He was design'd and sent by the High Priest *Boanerges*, to make what efforts he could on the well known Inclinations of *Messalina*, though he came not so well provided but that it was generally thought the Queen defray'd even the expence of his Courtship : Father *Pedro* was to ply the other weak side of *Messalina*, and by his Insinuations of an implicit faith to be given to every thing, he should assert she was to use her utmost power and influence with *Lycogenes*, to promote and put in execution without reserve, whatsoever should be propos'd as advantageous to the *Pagan* Interest : This was the purport of their Commissions, which they were to manage with all the Discretion, Secresie, and Expedition imaginable.

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The Queen happening to be indisposed a while after the Counts arrival at Court, he was necessitated to defer the payment of his private devoirs for four or five days, though the satisfaction her Majesty was pleased to express for his arrival, was thought to add much to her recovery ; She let him know about a Week after his coming, she was willing to receive his Visit that day after Dinner, and to avoid all inconveniency that might arise from the multiplicity of Attendance at the Pallace Royal, she takes her Chair privately, and crosses over to St. Jacques, a small half Mile from *Alba Regalis*, and retiring into her Closet, she with impatience waited the coming of the Count, having before given Orders to admit him without Ceremony ; the Count by what mischance detained is uncertain, came not till two hours after the time appointed, and being conducted by *Aspasia*, one of the Queens Women to the Closet door, went in, and found *Messaline* thrown upon a Couch fast asleep, whereupon he stop'd, and being about to withdraw, the Queen awoke, and perceiving the Count, she started up in some seeming disorder : The Count fearing she was displeased to have been seen in that posture, was in great confusion whether to stay or go, till the Queen making up to him, said, ' My Lord, this is a piece of Gallantry in you extraordinary, to make a Lady wait thus long for your attendance ; I know not how you will be able to acquit your self from the justice of my resentment, of which heretofore you have expressed great apprehensions : The Count was so abash'd at this short but severe reprimand, that for a great while he could not make any reply ; but at last coming to himself he fell on his Knees and humbly implored her Majesties Pardon, telling

her he hop'd Her Majesty was not now to be convinc'd of his readiness to serve her with the utmost faculty of his Soul; that she could not be insensible that the first time he had had the honour to see her in her own Country, he had made so entire a resignation of himself and his interest to her will and pleasure, that it was not now in his power to design any thing repugnant to her satisfaction, that he was too sensible of her Justice, to believe that one unfortunate error was able to blot out the remembrance of a thousand demonstrations past of the profound respect he always thought due to her; that he hop'd his hearty repentance for this, would induce her not only to confirm his Pardon for the present, but to give him assurance of her good will for the future: The Queen who all this while with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, had heard the Count thus zealous in his Apology for an error, she had resolved with a great deal less difficulty to have pardoned, stretching out her hand to the Count, told him roundly that she was sufficiently satisfied of his good inclinations towards her, that besides the recommendation of her Kinsman the High-Priest, his own personal merit had so wrought on her opinion, as to make her resolve to commit a Secret of the greatest importance to her Interest, that could be, to his management and discretion, that as she did already believe the sincerity of his Protestations, so she doubted the necessity of her Affairs, would in a little time cause her to exact his performance: The Count was about to reply, when Madam Marchioness *de Tomazo*, the Queens chief Confident, and Father *Pedro*, were come into the withdrawing Room, and advancing up to the Closet, the Queen bid them enter, where after the usual

fual Ceremony they fall into a deep Consultation ;
 the matter before them, was the means of advancing the Pagan Interest throughout *Albion*, and next the satisfaction of *Messalina's* Ambition, as to her continuance in the Regency in case *Lycogenes* (which was very much fear'd) should in a short time fail ; they were each preparing to deliver their Opinion in this weighty Affair, when news was brought that the King waited for *Messalina's* Company, to make a visit to the Queen Dowager ; *Messalina* before she departed, gave them in Charge to deliver in Writing to her self, within three days, their Opinions severally, and told them that within three days more she would have another Consult, wherein she hoped they would come to a final Resolution : The Queen being gone, these three fell to deliberation on the points already propos'd ; after a great many Arguments they conclude, that nothing but the Queens having a Son, could in any humane probability secure both the Queens Power, and the Grandeur of their *Diana* and her Temples in *Albion* after the death of *Lycogenes* ; for supposing, said they, (which is very much doubted) that *Lycogenes* live to bring in either by Fraud or Arbitrary Power, the *Pagans* Religion in his own time, yet the root it will take will be so slender and shallow, that one breath of the next Successor (being a Christian) will be able to blast it, and in the mean time there will be no provision made for the Queens satisfaction ; and alas ! cries the Marchioness, the Queen can no more hope for a young Son from *Lycogenes* now, than I can for a young Set of Teeth at threescore ; the Count smil'd to himself at the quaintness of the Expression, and as he guess'd at what her discourse did tend to, so he could not but be glad that she

had first broke the Ice: I presume, said Father *Pedro*, (addressing himself to the Lady) her Majesty upon a due Consideration of the Premises will not be offended at what shall be proposed by her Friends in order to her future as well as present satisfaction, and because things of this nature may better be imparted to the Queen, by your Ladiship than by us, we shall refer our thoughts of this point to your Ladiships management: Upon this they parted. and the Count repairing to his Lodging, fell a ruminating on that days Transactions, he began to think his Master the High-Priest's business would come on very favourably; nor did he see any great reason to despair of some success in his own Amour, he consider'd how obligingly *Messalina* had entertain'd him in the Closet, and began to make some random Conjectures of what she said she had to deliver to him, he remember'd the reports that had been given about Town concerning himself, and how that the Queen had been pleased to say once, she believed Count *Davila* to be as capable of winning a Ladies Favours as any man in *Europe*; he call'd to mind the Character *Messalina* went under in *Italy*, upon the account of the young Baron of *Santhiforé*, a Gentleman that was generally thought to have made *Effectual* Love to her; he could easily guess what entertainment she had with the King her Husband, who beside a failing contracted in his youth, had the heavy burthen of age and cares lying on him; he knew the Queen young and vigorous, and that the mistrust she had of the Nobility of *Albion* in all probability, did restrain her from making any advances of Intrigue or Amour with any of them; these and the like considerations made him resolve to sound *Messalina's* inclina-

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tions with the first opportunity, and in the mean time to press her to come to a resolution concerning his Master. The next Night Father *Pedro* meets *Messalina* retiring into her Bed-chamber after Play, and the Queen stopping, asked what they had done in her business? *Pedro* told her he thought the Marchioness had ere this imparted their Opinions to her Majesty, and implored her Majesty not to be offended with the freedom of their thoughts, since the present State of Affairs could not possibly admit of any milder Resolutions, he laid before her the instability of her Fortune, the danger of her Person, the Age of *Lycogenes*, his Weakness, and Imperfection; he press'd her to consider the merit of the thing, and how it would for ever advance the Interest of their Temples in *Albion*, and when she objected her Honour and Credit, he told her, her Station was above even Suspicion, for *who durst peep into the Cabinets of Princes?* He told her he could propose methods as secret as pleasant, and begg'd her not to defer a matter of such consequence, and which he fear'd every day might determine and make void: *Messalina*, whose natural temper had been long check'd by the stiff rules of Majesty and Greatness, began now to soften and melt at the pathetick Arguments of Father *Pedro*, and eagerly grasping him by the hand, told him, *That if ever she could condescend to any part of his discourse, it must be upon considerations more weighty than any of pleasure; That she wish'd she could live to see her Religion Re-established, and a Son of her own plac'd in the Throne of Albion; That she could not indeed without a great deal of trouble consider the faint Caresses and weak Efforts of the King her Husband; and confess'd, that though Glory and Greatness had*

gain'd the ascendent of her heart, yet she could not without a great deal of regret, resolve to bid defiance to all the other satisfactions of life ; That though the high Quality of Lycogenes had rais'd her heart above the common Rank, yet she could not perceive but she was still subject to the common Failings of Flesh and Blood : The lascivious Priest, who all this while was tickling himself with the coming Temper of *Messalina*, supposing he had now rais'd her fancy, to the very Critical point indeed, was resolv'd to press the Discourse home ; but some of the Ladies of the Bed-Chamber coming up, the Queen without any more words, walk'd forward into her Bed-Chamber ; Father *Pedro* at the same time retiring something dissatisfied with his supposed disappointment, was making what way he could to his Lodgings, but judging it not very late by the Company he saw yet stirring in the Court, he resolv'd to take a turn or two in the Galleries that lead to the descent into the *Forrest* of *St. Faques* ; he had just turn'd the Corner of the first Gallery, when a Young Lady makes up to him with all the haste and seeming Concern imaginable : O Sir, says she, my Lady has been in Bed almost this hour, and wonders extremely what should detain you so long, the Clock has struck One, and all the Court almost are in Bed : Here, Sir, I beseech you, take the Key, the Candle is in the Lobby ; make as little noise as may be ; you need not lock the Door ; I'll but just step to the Countess of *Thunderlands* Lodging, and will be back in half an hour. *Pedro* was extremely startled at this Adventure, but judging (as indeed it was) some Amorous Assignment, and his Spirits, by *Messalina's* Charming Discourse, being a little before rais'd, he was resolv'd to fill up the vacant place, and

and answer the Longing Ladies expectation ; he was confident the Man design'd must be one of his own Tribe, for by the little glimmering of the distant Lights, he was sure the Maid could not mistake their Garbes, all that troubled him was to find the right Door, if the Maid should have gone before she had open'd it, and he durst not ask her Ladies Name for fear of suspicion : In short, he tells the Maid softly, *She must go back with him a little, for that he had some Business of Importance to leave with her till morning* ; The Maid readily returns, and being just come to the Door, he bids her make what haste she could back, and he would defer his Business till then. The Maid being gone, he opens the door and perceives they were of *Aspasia's* Lodgings, another of the Queens Confidants, and Wife to *Lastroon* an Iberian Count, and lately made Viceroy of that Kingdom by King *Lycogenes*. *Pedro* was well acquainted with the Lady, and remembered that Father *Sebastian* was reported to be very intimate with her. *Aspasia* was about the Thirty fourth Year of her Age, was always very Fair, had large Grey Eyes, very languishing and sweet, she had a very fine Carriage, *debonaire* in her Conversation, and Witty, a huge lover of Intrigues, and insatiate in her Wantonness ; She had formerly been Lov'd by *Polydorus* King of the *Gauls* ; as also by King *Lycogenes*, by whom she was first recommended to *Lastroon* for a Wife ; She seem'd to be the right hand of *Messalina*, who would unload her most secret Thoughts in her Bosom ; She was a great Bigot in Paganism, and would often boast of the Vertues and good Nature of the Pagan Priests ; She had, as it seems, been often Charm'd with the Conversation of Father *Sebastian*, and had

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that night, appointed him to come to her Chamber; Father *Pedro* knowing the Lodgings, shuts the Door, and immediately repairs, without Light, to *Aspasia's* Bed, who by this time, with long Expectation, was fallen into a soft slumber; he locks the Door of her Bed-Chamber, and without stay, undressing, steals softly in, and clasping *Aspasia* in his Arms, she presently wakes; Mademoiselle *de Elvira's* Beds-head was near to *Aspasia's*, and separated only by a slight partition, which obliged them to whisper low; *Aspasia* fell a Cliding the suppos'd *Sebastian* for his stay, and Wantonly tells him, *he ought not to have made her suffer Penance before she had committed the Sin*; he answers her with Kisses and repeated Carresses, and in the intervals of their Amours, would whisper and chat of all the little Intrigues about the Court: Father *Pedro* asks her *how the Queen far'd, and whether Lycogenes had as yet been able to give her any assurance of a Son and Heir*? *Aspasia* sighing Replies; 'Alack! *Lycogenes* his misfortune, together with *Messalina's* severe Vertue, she was afraid, would go near to ruine the fairest Hopes that ever the Pagans in *Albion* had, or would have while the Sun shone; and that unless some speedy Application and Remedy be us'd, that glimmering Light, which by the influence of *Lycogenes* they did at present enjoy, would with his Fall, be turn'd into everlasting Darkness: I know, my Dear *Sebastian*, sail she, that *Messalina's* haughty Spirit alone, retards the Complement of all our Hopes: She has all the common Frailties of our Sex; She Loves, and she Confesseth too, and yet her mighty Pride restrains her Inclination: She last Night saw Count

' *Davila*

Davila pass by, when in a sort of Extasie, she
 grasp'd me eagerly, and cry'd; *Lock, there's the*
Count, *Aspasia*: And when the King once prest her
 to retire with him to Bed, she turns to me & sigh-
 ing, said, *We are going to sleep*. *Aspasia*. Nothing
 could add more to the satisfaction of Father *Pedro*,
 than this knowledge of the Queens Inclination;
 and though he had not been mentioned by
Aspasia to be any way in the Queens Thoughts;
 he was resolv'd, to push on his own Fortune, to
 watch the Counts steps, and to come in, if possi-
 bly, with him for a share in the Booty: *Aspasia's*
 Maid in the mean time being come back, and sup-
 posing *Sebastian* and her Lady safe together, was
 preparing her self for Bed; she was just putting
 out the Candle when she heard a small knock-
 ing at the outward Door; but supposing it to be
 only some of the Countess of *Thuzderlands* Maids,
 considering she was to wake betimes to let out
 Father *Sebastian*, she laid her self down without
 answering: The two Lovers, who by this time
 had trodden all the secret paths of Love, were
 now at length disposing themselves to sleep: *As-
 pasia*, whose thoughts were pleas'd with this En-
 joyment of her suppos'd *Sebastian*, was quickly
 wrapt in Dream and gentle slumbers; but Father
Pedro was kept awake with the cares of manage-
 ing this Nights Intrigue; he was one while think-
 ing to rise softly and get off without discovery,
 another while he hop'd by this accident, to ren-
 der *Aspasia* instrumental and assistant to his de-
 sign with the Queen; he fear'd not any thing
 from *Sebastian's* discovery, since his Fortune was
 in his power; besides, *Aspasia*, for her own sake,
 would be silent in the matter; so that at last he re-

solves to stand it out, and without any more concern, turns himself about to his rest: In the morning early *Cleone*, *Aspasia's* trusty Maid, gets up, and gives the signal at her Ladies door, to the suppos'd *Sebastian* to rise; Father *Pedro* had taken care over night to draw the Curtains close about, and clasping *Aspasia* in his Arms, he tells her he *was mightily disturb'd in his sleep with a Dream concerning Father Pedro*: 'Now you speak of Father *Pedro*, cries *Aspasia*, I can tell you, that of late he is mightily in favour with *Messalina* and the Count, and he seems to share all the favours of her good opinion; and to speak the truth, Father *Pedro* has all the qualifications in the World, that may be requisite for the Conquest of the most stubborn Ladies heart; for besides the advantages of a comely Face and Person, he has so many pretty ways of insinuating love and friendship, that the Queen her self has told me, That next to Count *Davila*, she did not know a Person in the World so charming in his Conversation as Father *Pedro*: 'You speak, reply'd the suppos'd *Sebastian*, so feelingly of the Merit of Father *Pedro*, that I have reason to fear and resent him as a Rival; and I can hardly assure my self I have reason to boast of your Favours, till I can hear you speak with more indifferency of him. But tell me, my Dear *Aspasia*, says he, How long have you observ'd *Messalina's* so advantageous Opinion and Character of Father *Pedro*; the Count, indeed, as well for his former acquaintance in *Italy*, as for the Character he bears of the High-Priest's Legate here, may give him a pretence to some small share in *Messalina's* thoughts; but as there

'can be no such reason on the other side, so I cannot
 'but wonder, by what Charm Father *Pedro* could so
 'of a suddain advance himself into the favour of the
 'Queen: *Ask me no more, my Dear, replies Aspasia,*
to tell what I am both by Honour and Interest obliged to
conceal, and assure thy self that the same motive that
induceth the Queen to respect Father Pedro, will oblige
Father Pedro to be both thy Friends and mine, and
all of our Profession: 'Accept then, Dear *Aspasia,*
 'from this moment, says he, *Pedro's* assured Love
 'and Friendship; *Pedro* can ne'r forget the favours
 'of this night, Favours by Fate design'd alone for
 'Pedro. At the pronouncing these last words, he
 rais'd his Voice a little, and withdrawing the Curt-
 ains, he at once discover'd the Counterfeit *Sebastain,*
 and the real *Pedro.* *Aspasia,* who at the latter part
 of his Words, had perceiv'd not only the Deceit,
 but the Deceiver, seem'd to be in the greatest con-
 fusion imaginable, till Father *Pedro* first imploring
 her pardon, told her, *He was extreamly sorry, if he*
rob'd her of the satisfaction of a more worthy Bedfellow,
that Fortune, and her Maids unwitting importunity,
had prevail'd with him to lay hold of, and improve that
lucky minute which his inclination, though with despair,
had often made him wish for, that by his future endea-
vours and services, he hop'd to make her sensible that
Sebastian was was not the only Man in the World worthy
of her favours; and in the mean time he beg'd her im-
partially to consider whether it could be in the power of
Man to resist so powerful Temptations, as yielding Beau-
ty and persuasive Opportunity. *Aspasia* having with
 abundance of Patience heard the wanton Priest's Apo-
 logy, had by this time very well recover'd out of her
 amazement, and having first reflected on the good
 Behaviour of the Priest in Bed, and the bad con-
 sequences that arise from a discovery of this Nights
 Intrigue

Intrigue, she thought it her best way to make virtue of necessity, and close with the Priest without farther jangling, she remember'd the Character she herself had given him, and had now experimentally the height of his perfections, she could not perceive herself a loser by the change, nay, rather she had the advantage of the bargain, nor could the strangeness of the Accident afflict her, since the satisfaction of her life lay chiefly in Intrigues; having briefly run over these considerations to her self, she turn'd herself with a great deal of assurance to her Lover and throwing her Arm about his Neck, she tells him that since he had been an Ear Witness of her good Opinion of him, she thought it now to no purpose to dissemble; that though she had not design'd her favours for him at that time, yet she was too well satisfied of his merit to find fault with the error that if she apprehended an misfortune to her self, it was her fear that he had not found the treasure answerable to his hopes and expectations, and that consequently she might find her self lessend in his good Opinion hereafter; the crafty Priest, who by this night's Accident had, to his thinking, laid a sure foundation to all his future Projects, hugs the well-pleas'd Lady in his Arms, and after a thousand reciprocal Wantonnesses, they swear an inviolable Friendship to each other: Father *Pedro* repeats to her all the design and project of advancing and settling the *Pagan* Interest during *Lycogenes* his life, and, engages her to press the Queen continually to come to a speedy Resolution as to the point of Regency and Succession; prevail with her to give him a faithful account from time to time of all Transactions between the Count and *Mesalina* as also to give him her assistance in any matters he should propose hereafter; to all which *Aspasia* readily Assents and solemnly Swears; and now the

Morning

Morning being much advanc'd, *Pedro* takes leave of *Aspasia*, and prepares to dress, when *Cleone* knocks at her Ladys Door, to know if she were stirring; *Aspasia* desires *Pedro* to retire into a Closet, and slipping on her Night Gown opens the door to *Cleone*; the Maid having a while before seen *Sebastian* with some Company walking in the Court Yard, merrily ask'd her Lady when the Lover got out, for that she had not seen him go; *Aspasia* fearing *Sebastian* might ask *Cleone* questions, thought it her best way to acquaint her with her own mistake, and bid her wait a while for her farther Instructions; the Maid had just retir'd to the Window of the Withdrawing-Room, when she straight runs back and tells her Lady she saw *Sebastian* in the Court below making towards her Lodgings; *Aspasia* in a great fright runs to the Closet, and desires *Pedro* to be silent and still, for that *Sebastian* was coming; Father *Pedro* who by this time had got himself dress'd, thought it would be tedious staying there, and immediately opens the Closet Door and marches off, having just got to the door going into the Gallery, he pops just upon the Queen and Count *Davila* going to the Mosque at St. *Jagues*; *Sebastian* had got up among the Queens Retinue and had perceived Father *Pedro* coming out of *Aspasia's* Lodgings, he began to ruminate with himself what business Father *Pedro* could have there, and at that time of day, and reflecting on *Aspasia's* loose Life, his jealousy prompted him to think that he had lost his Assignment, and had been supplanted the last Night by Father *Pedro*; *Sebastian* was but an Underling in the Priests Tribe in comparison of *Pedro*, but was of a haughty revengeful humour; he was a lusty big Bon'd Man, and had an indifferent good Face, he was a Renegado Christian, and had by the influence and promises of *Aspasia*, while she was in *Gaule*, been perverted to *Paganism*; he had had a long

Amour with *Aspasia*, and by her means had been preferred to the Brotherhood of the *Pagan Priests* ; upon his Jealousie aforesaid he immediately repairs to *Aspasia's Lodgings*, to try if he could make any Discovery ; *Aspasia*, to prevent questions, immediately chides him for his Disappointment, he tells her he came not so late but that *Cleone* might have heard him knock ; *Cleone* makes a little faultre in her Speech and confirms *Sebastian* in his suspicion, and resolving to be Reveng'dd, at least on Father *Pedro*, he clears up his look and falls to toying with *Aspasia*, & owns himself to blame for staying past the time ; in the mean while Father *Pedro* having mingled among the Queens Retinue, perceives that *Messalina* & the Count, by the distance that the Attendants kept, were in private discourse, & guessing at the subject of it, he thought it best not to interrupt them, so turning short he retir'd to his own Lodgings ; Count *Davila* having according to his last resolutions waited with diligence for an Opportunity to try the temper & designs of *Messalina*, had that Morning, upon pretence of imparting some News to her which he had lately received from *Italy* and *France*, been to wait on the Queen, who after some extraordinary marks of her satisfaction for his presence, ask'd him to attend her to St. *Jagues* ; This kind reception and invitation, confirm'd the Count in his resolutions of discovering his love, and pressing on the main business, so that he readily utters the Queen through the Lodgings to her Chair, and in one of her Coaches follows her to St. *Jagues*, where waiting in the Antichamber till the Queen had done her Devotions at the Mosque, he was sent for by *Messalina* to her Closet. The Count was so confounded between hope and fear, that he trembled all over when he went in ; he was considering what the consequences of his Attempt might be, if by his over-weening fancy he should have

misinterpreted the freedom of *Messalina's* humour; it amaz'd him to think of the dangers he should lay himself open to, in owning Love to the Wife of a Potent Monarch, if she were pleased to put a bad construction on it, and in the least resent it; such were the doubts and fears of the Court before he came to the Queen: But alas! these glooming thoughts were soon blown over, for *Messalina* very graciously receiving him at the Closet-door, and with an extraordinary gayety giving him her Hand, after a turn or two, seated her self on a Couch, and commanded the Count to sit by her, and turning to him, ask'd him merrily, *what News?* The Count by this time was come to himself, and with abundance of assurance, grasping her Majesties Hand, told her, 'That the Fame of her Majesties Beauty and Merit had so taken up the Hearts of the People of *Albion*, that where ever he came, he could hear no other Discourse. Well, my Lord, replies the Queen, I thank you for your Complement, and though I am Ignorant of the People of *Albion's* thoughts of me, I dare presume, my Character pass's with advantage enough in your Opinion. 'It is now my misfortune, replies the Count, not to be able to express the sincerity of my Zeal to your Majesties Service any otherwise than in words, and that severity with which your over nice Vertues treats all your Admirers, limits and restrains the Innocent freedom even of them: I must confess, continued he, 'the high Station, Fortune and Merit have settled you in, may with reason render your Majesty regardless of any proffer of Service from me; yet since the necessity of your Affairs (as sometimes of the greatest Princes in the World) require the advice and assistance of your Subjects and Friends, I hope your long experience of my Truth and Love, may now prevail with your Majesty to make me the happy Instrument of your future Satisfaction.

The Queen who by the several remonstrances of her three Counsellors had been both press'd and convinc'd of the danger of her Affairs, and being partly overcome by the

Solicitations and Endearments of the Count in particular resolv'd now to give a loose to her natural Inclinations, and thereupon turning to the Count, in a soft languishing Tone she reply'd, *I must at length, dear Davila, confess my own Frailty and thy Power, my haughty mind I see at last will stoop, and thou art Born to be my Conqueror*: The Count who was all this while in a rapture, throwing himself at her Feet embrac'd her Knees, extolling his own good Fortune and her happy Resolutions; he gave her Ten thousand Thanks for her preference and good Opinion of him before any of the Nobles in the Court of *Albin*, that his whole thoughts and endeavours should be employ'd to make good her Expectation, and he did not doubt but she should in a little time find her self thoroughly disengaged from all sorrowful Apprehensions: This minutes Condescension and freedom had so emboldened and assured *Messalina's* Heart, that raising the Count, who at every Word was pressing and kissing her fair Hand, she threw her Arms about his Neck, and in Amorous Sighs and Murmurs she whisper'd her Wishes in his Ears; Ten thousand times she kiss'd his Lips and Eyes while with his busie hand he rovd o'er all the Field of Love, sometimes with eager haste he'd climb the Snowy Hills of Pleasure, and then as quick retire down to the Valies and Fountain of Delight and Love; Dear Davila, *Rapture would she cry, Divine Messalina, would he reply* *Ab! can you -- will you now refuse*, said he; *Ab! do not -- do not ruin me*, said she; But the Count who through *Messalina's* Eyes saw the Temper of her Heart, resolv'd not to slip that lucky opportunity, and turning first to make the Door secure, he like a hungry *Lion* seizes his trembling Prey and in his Arms conveys her to the other side of the Closet and throwing her gently on the Couch thereby, in eager Raptures he lays open and unfolds her secret Treasure, and rifles all the Stores of Love and Beauty; And now *Messalina* having tasted the difference between a Vigorous Lover and a Feeble King, clasping her yet panting *Davila* in her Arms, *I shall indeed be happy now* said she, *unless the Sky*

and Heaven conspire against me, I feel at length my Crown sit fast upon me, and now my Fate is disengaged from the weak slender Thread of poor Lycogenes's Life, my Soul at length will reach its proper Sphere, and I shall with Pride look down and see my most malicious Enemies bowing to my Royal Posterity; no more shall proud Albion rejoice over the Age and Weakness of the King my Husband, no more shall they Triumph over my Battered Majesty; then my dear Davila shall make their Yoke, and with a Gordian Knot, I'll tie it on their Necks; I am big my dear already with the Joy, and doubt not a happy result of our undertakings. The Count who all this while lay Ravish'd with his Victory, was running over the whole Series of her Charms, one while he reflected on her high Quality and Station, and then her Beauty, Riches, and her Love, did so confound his Senses, he could hardly convince himself his Happiness was Real; sometimes he'd of a sudden grasp her Hands, Embrace and Kiss, doubting it was all Vision, Dream, and Fancy: Thus in these Transports did they dally out the time, till trusty *Asspasia* gave notice at the Door, that *Lycogenes* was come into the Porrest, and probably design'd for *St. Jaques*; this news stirr'd the slumbering wanton Lovers, and hasten'd the Counts departure: The Count conjures her to bless him speedily with such another opportunity; which with a thousand Kisses she assures him, and so he takes his leave; he had not well got away before *Madam Marchioness de Tomozo* came up, and finding the Queen in a very Pleasant humour, thought to engage her in some discourse concerning their last Consultations; the Marchioness being a great Bigot in the Pagan Principles, had been influenc'd by *Father Pedro* to stand his Friend privately, in gaining the Queens Favour upon this juncture, and by his subtle insinuations had been deluded into her Opinion, that it would be much more meritorious for the Queen in the case before propos'd, to make use of the endeavours of a holy Man, and that it was probable their business might better succeed if the Operation were begun by a Sanctify'd person; these and the like insinuations

innuations had prevail'd with the blind Zealot to assist the lustful Priest of her Assistance and Interest, and accordingly finding *Messalina*, as is aforesaid, in a jauntty humour, she thought it now a fit time to move the business,

So making up to *Messalina*, she said, 'Tis not a little satisfaction to me, to see your Majesty at this time so pleasantly dispos'd; and as I do believe it proceeds from some considerable cause, so I should receive it as a peculiar obligation from your Majesty, if I might be made either partaker or an assistant of your Joy. *Thyself shall be both*, my dear Tomazo, reply'd the Queen, and I shall give thee reason to tax my Justice and my Friendship, should I let thee partake only of my Sorrows; No, no, my dear Tomazo, since thy advice chiefly my satisfaction came, 'twould be unreasonable not to let thee taste the fruit of thy own works; I have at last overcome that subtle Disputant, Honour; I have recorc'd those nice points of flashy Reputation, and begin to taste the pleasure of Interest and Ambition: I shall be a Queen now in deed, my dear Tomazo; the Count, the Count Tomazo, will make me a Glorious Powerful Queen: Rejoyce, rejoyce Tomazo, and let the Pagans of Albion all rejoyce; Mahomet now will surely hear our Prayers, the time will now draw near for our deliverance: Oh! that my Youth and Beauty should be the long Curse to strife with Age, and State-Impotency: Oh! How I nauseate my former Resolutions, when every scrupulous thought of Honour lost me an Age of pleasure: Forgive my Indiscretion, would she cry, when with an awful Frown I'de check thy good advice: How have I fretted when in thy long and grave Debates thou would urge the necessity of ——— I thought your Majesty could live without Support, vainly believing I could carry the Politition, as the Lover with my Frowns: Forgive me, my dear Tomazo, since at last I am reclaim'd. The Court, my Dear, the Count will make us happy. The Marchioness, who amaz'd at this extraordinary humour of the Queen could not however, but guess how affairs stood; and though she had been pretty well satisfied of the Queens Resolutions of surrender, yet she thought she would have spent a little

more time in Capitulation; however, since the main design was in all probability answer'd, she thought she could do no more than be sorry that the Count had outleap'd her Friend Father *Pedro*, and yet upon better consideration she did not believe it impossible, if matters between the *Count* and the *Queen* did not speedily answer her expectation, but that she might be able at last to make good Father *Pedro's* pretensions.

The *Queen's* thoughts were all this while taken up with the *Count* upon whose Name in sudden raptures she would often call; *O! my dear Davila; my Life, my Soul, my Deliverer, my Protector*, would she cry, till the *Marchioness* making up to her broke off her Contemplations, by telling her it was late, and ask'd her whether she would go back to *Alba Regalis*? *Ay, any where*, reply'd the *Queen*, so *Davila* be there. The *King* who all this time was walking in the Forreſt, had been conſulting and diſcourſing with the Count of *Thunderland* and another, about eſta bliſhing the *Pagan* Intreſt in *Albion*, he was deploring his unhappineſs in the want of an Heir, and fear'd all his Endeavours without one, would prove ineffectual. The wicked *Prieſt* and other corrupted *Ministers* about him, had buzz'd the Neceſſity and the Merit of this ſo far, that Good *Prince*, he told them, 'He would be no way wanting to the furtherance and propagation of his Religion in his Kingdom. Theſe Blood hounds preſently ſnap at this Gracious Condeſcenſion, and communicate the ſame to *Meſſalina*, The *Queen*, who was conſcious how fair a ſtroke ſhe had made towards the accompliſhment of their deſires, and her own Ambition, told them, 'She would leave all things to the advice and will of the *King* her Husband; that ſhe did not altogether diſpare of the bleſſing of the *Gods*, and of bearing a Son yet to her Dear *Lycogenes*; but that at the ſame time ſhe did verily believe, that if the Powers above were not pleaſed to raiſe unto her a Son of her own to inherit the Crown of *Albion*, and to re-ſettle the *Pagan* Religion there, nevertheless ſhe could not in Conſcience

' think her self disengaged from her utmost Endeavours to
 ' advance it by some other extravagant means; but
 ' her first Hopes were not altogether as yet in vain,
 ' she could not descend to particulars as to the other.
 The subtle Priests who saw both the Cunning and the Zeal
 of *Messalina* in this answer, went away with all the satisfaction
 imaginable, concluding now they had nothing more to do
 than to prescribe a due method for the management of
suppositious Birth, in case the *Queen*, which they extremely
 fear'd should fail in her hopes, as they suppos'd of *Lycogenes*.
 But alas! poor Wretches; they shot extravagantly
 wide of *Messalina's* thoughts, while she could not choose
 but laugh, to think how pleasantly she had cajol'd them; she
 had had too long an experience of the Capacity of *Lycogenes*
 her Husband, to hope for the least encouragement or
 performace from him; and she had too lately found an
 approv'd the difference between the *Count* and the *King*, to
 think of leaving her business unfinished, or repenting the
 change she had made: No, no, she was so far from relying
 on the Weakness of her Husband, that she was now con-
 tinually employ'd, in contriving Opportunities to meet and
 entertain the *Count*, and the satisfaction she had received at
 her last Conference with him, had so enliven'd her hopes
 of an answerable Success, that among her Confidants she
 would talk very assuredly of the Business, and would many
 times be Calculating the hour and time of her Delivery, as
 if she had known her self with Child by Inspiration. But
 alas! these were only the flights of a passionate Zeal, for
 when her more lucid Intervals would give her judgment
 scope, and free consideration, she found her principles too
 weak to infer so weighty Conclusions, and was loath to let
 her hopes rest on so weak a foundation. No doubt the *Count*
 had been as obliging as a Man under those circumstances
 could be expected, and the vast temptations of Honour and
 Riches, besides the enjoyment of so beautiful a Lady as
Messalina really was, had without dispute put a double Edge
 on his Vigour and her Expectation, but notwithstanding

her own mighty Faith, she resolv'd to have a repeated mixture of his good Works, and accordingly sends him a small Billet by *Aspasia* to this purpose, 'Lycogenes designs' within these two hours to go to *W*—— and will not be back till to morrow; I design to go up the River, and lie to night at *R*——d, my Retinue will be very small; and perhaps I may wish for Company: I'll leave you to guess who would be most grateful to *Messalina*. The Count receives the Summons with Joy; and with all speed and secrecy prepares for the Assignment. The Queen took nobody but *Aspasia* and the *Marchioness de Tomazo* with her; Within an hour after her Arrival comes the Count; the Ladies know their Duty, and discreetly retire; *Daltia*, whose longing Appetite had, by his first delicious taste been encreased, now gluts himself in *Messalina's* Charms, while her officious Fancy builds worlds of Pleasure for her self, and vainly flatters her with lasting Satisfaction: Oh! how she'd dote and rave, and kiss, then sigh'd, and in soft Murmurs wish, and wish, and then abruptly cease, and hide her blushing amorous Looks in the Count's Bosom: Thus did they dally out the winged hours, till *Aspasia* came and told them, the Countess of *Thunderland* with another Lady, were landed, and coming to wait on her Majesty; *Messalina* fearing they would stay all Night, as indeed they design'd, and not knowing how to bestow the Count, thought it best to go back to *Alba Regalis* that Night, and accordingly gives order for her Gally with all speed; and meeting the Countess on the Stair-head, told her, She was just on her return, and giving her her hand, they immediately take Water and away: The Count also about an hour after, takes a small Gondola and follows. At this rate did the Count and *Messalina* correspond for two or three Months, and no hopeful appearance yet of what they had with so much assurance promised themselves. The Count even in *Messalina's* Judgement, had acquitted himself with all the Bravery imaginable, and *Messalina* had not been wanting in her Endeavours to bring about a Business of so great importance

portance to her Interest: She grieves, He wonders, at so strange a Disappointment, they mutually encouraging one another, they fall to fresh Endeavours, and love, and wish, and promise, but still in vain: *Messalina* had during this amorous Juncture, considered both her Pleasure and Interest, but finding that the feeding on the one would starve the other, she told the Count frankly, That she saw plainly her Misfortune, and that she must of necessity have recourse to some more immediate Remedy; that as she had intrusted him with all her Secrets, so she doubted not of his best Advice and Concurrence in a Matter she should propose, that she should still retain her good Opinion of him, and wholly imputed the Disappointment to Defect of her; That however she must make the best of her Affairs, and help out by Art what Nature had deny'd: She put him in mind of their Consult and Resolution, and that nothing but a Son and Heir could secure her Honour, and settle the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion*, she did therefore desire him forthwith to summon a Convention of two or three discreet Priests, together with himself, *Aspasia*, the *Marcbirefs*, and some few staunch Courtiers, to propose Methods for the due management of this grand Concern, and to engage *Lycogines* to consent to, and further, not only this, but whatsoever else they should in their Wisdoms think agreeable and necessary for the Advance of *Paganism* and the Exirpation of the *Christians* throughout *Albion*.

The End of the FIRST PART

THE
Second Part
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Messalina
Late Queen of *ALBION*;
WHEREIN
The Secret Court Intrigues of the Four
last Years Reign are further pursu-
ed; Particularly the
IMPOSTURE
OF THE
CHILD.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confident of
Q. MESSALINA.

LONDON: Printed for John Lyford, 1689.

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THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

IT cannot be denied with how much Applause the First Part of this History has been received in the World, according to the merits of it; which is in part demonstrable, from the Account most Booksellers give of their being daily importun'd for the Second Part, and there having been but one Party appear'd against it, viz. the Pagans of Albion, the Publisher begs to be excus'd for being so Dilatory in Compleating the History, not being able to bring in the Secrets of the LEAGUE, the Amours
of

The Bookseller to the Reader.

OF **MESSALINA** and Polydorus, and other Intrigues of the Gothick Court into this Part, on the account the Translator hath lain under great Indisposition of Body, for near these three Weeks past, and it was not thought advisable to interpose the stile of any other; but he being now on the mending hand, you may expect the Third Part, which Compleats the whole History with all the speed imaginable; and he hopes will prove in this as it does in **Mistresses**, whose put-offs and delays in matters of possession, do but more whet on the the Gallants Appetites; that when they have once attained to Injoyment it becomes so Ravishing that their Lovers satisfy themselves amply rewarded for all their forbearance and expectation.

The

The Second P A R T.

THE Pagans of *Albion*, had from the beginning of the Reign of *Lycogenes* with great assurance expected some happy, and speedy overtures for their eternal settlement in that Kingdom; Nor had *Lycogenes* himself been wanting in his endeavours to over-rule or destroy all that pretended to oppose, or question his proceedings against the Fundamental Rights of his Christian Subjects, he had already remov'd the most of them from all Places of Trust, and contrary to the known Laws of the Land had introduced Persons, by the said Laws incapable to Serve; he had Rais'd and kept up an Army composed of Mercenary's and Forreigners, not only to Terrify, but upon the first happy occasion to Oppress all that should contradict his Resolutions, he had for the first three Years of his Reign, carry'd all things with so high a hand, that the People of *Albion* from the highest to the lowest, were in a strange Confusion to think of the dismal consequences that would necessarily flow from such Arbitrary Proceedings: and though they had by the subtle Insinuations of a Court Party of Divines, been Poyson'd with that pernicious posuion of Passive Obedience, yet they could not without a great deal of regret behold all the fences and inclosures of their Laws and Liberty's thrown down and

tram-

trampled on, and be obliged to hold their Lives and Estates on so precarious Terms as the will and discretion of an Antichristian pack'd Council: what relation to the private satisfaction of the King's humour they did with all humility, and unexpected alacrity, submit and yield to, but when it was plain that the whole Kingdom was Design'd and Resolv'd a Sacrifice, to the Interest and Ambition of a few wicked Councillours and a small party of Men, that had been by public Acts of the Realm declar'd the Inveterate and Irreconcilable Enemies of all Christians but chiefly of the *Albionites*, they then began to search into the measures of their submission, and diligently to enquire how far they were obliged to pay Obedience to the Commands of their Magistrates and Governours; and really upon the scrutiny they plainly perceiv'd their own weakness, and the Imposition of their Enemies who by this subtle Doctrine had ensnar'd them to set their Hands to, and Sign as it were their own Destruction, several of the Great and Wisest Men in the Kingdom, had been Debating on this Subject, and all concluded in an acknowledgment of their weakness in manifestly exposing themselves and their Country to the Capricious Humours, or Tyrannical Principles that very often are found in the Greatest Princes, and therefore though from their very Souls they wish'd a happiness imaginable to their King and Governour, yet they thought their duty stretch'd too far on the Tenter-hooks, when by a blind submission to irregular Commands they were oblig'd to forego the natural principles of self preservation, and that by seeking officiously to add to their Loyalty they must necessarily detract from their Judgments, Consciences, and Honesty. But *Lycogen's*, who by a diligent scrutiny, and long experience of the Natures of the People of *Albion*, (

his great satisfaction) knew how effectually the Doctrine of *Non-resistance* (which he and his party with great Zeal and industry had insinuated and promoted) had wrought on his Christian Subjects, thought he had laid a very sure foundation for the Introduction of those Novelties and Abuses we have since had impos'd on us, and was by the assiduous Instigations of his *Pagan* Councillours prevail'd upon to resolve the total Extirpation, or at least enslaving of the Christian Heretics, as he call'd them, in his Dominions, and fearing that all he could do in his own Life time, would be insufficient to assure and establish the *Pagan* Faction and Interest, unless he could find such a Successour as should confirm and strengthen what he should now begin, upon these Considerations, I say, he was easily wrought on to consent to any thing his Counsellours should propose for the benefit and establishment of *Paganism* in the said Kingdom, and now what more remain'd, than that the Priests consult and find the most convenient and speedy means to secure their own Interests to indulge *Messalina's* Ambition, and to sooth *Lycogenes* his Bigotted Zeal: Several ways were propos'd, and some time spent in Arguments and Debates before they could come to a final Resolution.

The Christians of *Albion*, by several Acts of their General Diets, had their Laws, their Liberties, and their Religion secur'd to them, and in all, or most of their Assemblies for one hundred years past, they had one or other express Law against *Paganism*, though none did so thoroughly disable and lessen their interest in *Albion* as that commonly call'd the *Tests*; and though some good *Christian Dissenters from the Church of Albion*, were therein severely included, yet they were chiefly intended for the discouragement and suppression of that pernicious Sect of *Pagans* in *Albion*, *Lycogenes* his private Counsel

fel therefore proposed the taking *away* these *Tests*, as a
 necessary Preliminary for the introduction of *Paganism*;
 the Project indeed was good, but how to bring it about,
 was the difficulty, for besides that the general Diet
 would hardly be induc'd to abrogate those very Laws
 which some of them so lately had stickl'd for and pro-
 moted, and such Laws whereon their own and the
 Kingdoms security seem'd more *immediately* to depend
 (the *Pagans* having in all Reigns been proved the irre-
 concilable Enemies and malicious designs against the
 peace and welfare of the Christians in *Albion*) besides
 I say, this difficulty, they were obliged to gain the con-
 sent of Prince *Anaximander* and the Princess *Artemisia*,
 the Presumptive Heiress of the Crown, for the Abro-
 gation of the said Laws, and this indeed was the great
 business that struck with *Lycogenes*, for as to what con-
 cern'd the Election of such Members as should serve
 his turn in the next General Assembly, he bid them take
 no care, for he was sure he could by his influence pro-
 cure such Persons return'd as should effectually answer
 his utmost expectations: With all speed therefore per-
 sons are employ'd to negotiate with the Prince and
 Princess for their consent aforesaid, and to lay before
 them the sincerity of His Majesty's Intentions in the
 matter, and that his Majesties Great and only Aim was
 for the more general accommodation of all his Dissen-
 ting Subjects, and that as their Highnesses could not be-
 lieve that his Majesty would resolve on any thing to
 their prejudice, so he did not in the least doubt of their
 Highnesses ready concurrence in so pious an undertak-
 ing; but alas poor *Lycogenes* and his Pensionary Coun-
 sel had far overshot themselves, when they believed so
 Wise a Prince as *Anaximander* could be so barefacedly
 decoy'd into an assent to a matter so necessarily and
 plainly prejudicial to his own and his Princesses interest

as well as to a Kingdom and People, they had reason to respect and take care of as their future loving Subjects, and present hearty Friends, they were not unacquainted with the measures *Lycogenes* had taken from the beginning of his Reign, so directly contrary to the Princess his Daughters Interest, and pernicious and destructive to the Christians, and that by pure force he had already obtruded so many illegal things on his said Christians Subjects, that he wondered *Lycogenes* could pretend to make him or his Princess Instruments of their further oppression and misery ; such were the Princes resentments, and such was the result of *Lycogenes* his endeavours to make him and his own Daughter Parties for the Subversion of Christianity in *Albion* ; and now immediately a grand Consult is called to consider of *Anaximander's* resolutions, and of some other way to promote the grand concern : In the mean time *Messalina* had been tormenting her self with the Apprehensions of her utter disappointment ; for though she had kept a constant correspondence with the *Count*, she could not yet perceive her Affairs go on so prosperously as she had promised to her self, and the loss of so much time, to her Ambition, did very much qualifie the satisfaction she received in her Amour ; however, tho' she had promised to repair to Art and Policy, to supply the present defects of Nature, she could not resolve to abandon the Love and Service of the *Count* : Nay, upon mature consideration, she concluded, that the continuation of her Amour with him, could not be any way prejudicial to the other design they were now undertaking ; for supposing she should really conceive any considerable time after the feigned report of her being with Child, the

absurdity of the report of this could not any way be prejudicial to the real truth of the other, the assured Birth of a Prince being all that could be expected or desir'd ; and consequently, any reflections on the other would vanish as a mistake, which Women in such cases are very often subject to. The *Marchioness de Tomazo*, would daily encourage her belief of succeeding, and promised her assistance, by imparting to her a Secret to help Conception; the *Queen* was wonderfully pleas'd, even with the Flattery of the old Matron ; but for fear of the worst, was resolv'd to have the other Project speedily set on foot, she went to the Kings Apartment immediately to hear what they had resolv'd on, and how it was agreed to be manag'd, where she found the Trusty Cabal in hot and close Debate : She had order'd *Aspasia*, the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, and *Father Pedro* to be there, and *Lycogenes* had introduc'd the *Count* and *Poliorchetes* the Chief Commissioner of his Court of Conscience, having experienc'd his Fidelity in matters of the greatest importance, and had rais'd him to that high Station merely to be an instrument in his future undertakings.

Lycogenes upon the Arrival of the *Queen* arose, requiring the Company not to separate till they had wholly concluded on the means and manner of new modeling and settling the Kingdom of *Albion* ; the *Queen* likewise, as soon as she had seated her self, commanded them to give her an account of their Proceedings. *Poliorchetes* the Chancellor then rising and making a profound reverence to the *Queen*, deliver'd his Opinion thus : ' It is not unknown, ' *mighty Sovereign*, how zealous I have been in bringing about and promoting whatsoever might be
' thought

' thought advantageous to your interest ; nor do I
 ' now presume to recount my Services for any other
 ' purpose than to manifest my gratitude and wil-
 ' lingsness to engage again and again for ever on any
 ' action and design *your Majesties*, or this Honoura-
 ' ble Board, shall think meet to prescribe ; I know
 ' the wisdom of this Noble Company, cannot be
 ' wanting to appoint such Rules as shall for ever se-
 ' cure the *Pagan* interest in *Albion*, and satisfie *your*
 ' *Majesties* utmost Expectation ; notwithstanding
 ' since the nature of my Employments, and some
 ' years strict enquiry into the Ways and Inclinations
 ' of the people of *Albion*, may with reason have
 ' render'd me capable of Judging of the most secure,
 ' and convenient ways to deal with them. I shall
 ' not be thought vain if I presume freely, to deliver
 ' my opinion in this Matter. The *Albionites*, where
 ' they have received Graces or Favours from their
 ' Princes, are like the wanton As in the Fable, rea-
 ' dy to leap on their Master, and by the encourage-
 ' ment of two or three benefits, they sawcily ap-
 ' proach him with their ill natur'd Jeasts, and con-
 ' stantly pester him with their rude Importunities ;
 ' but when too much Indulgence has rendred them
 ' Insupportable, do but show them the Rod, and
 ' like Children they shrink, and with patience sub-
 ' mit to the Justice of your Correction ; You re-
 ' member their Insolence in *Perkin's* Rebellion, when
 ' with unbounded Blasphemy they would threaten
 ' the Safety and Honour of our Royal Master, and
 ' yet the Sword of Justice was no sooner unsheath'd
 ' against them, but with horror they fly, and call
 ' even to the Mountains to cover them ; you
 ' have heard with what patience they sub-
 ' mitted to their Tryals, and reproached

' even my Sentence with their *Base Servile* Sufferings,
 ' my advice therefore is to follow the example of the
 ' Great *Polydorus*, to get an Army of *Pagans* from
 ' *Iberia* and *Gothland*, and so to Dragoon them into
 ' a civil compliance. Oh ! that every year would
 ' produce a Western Expedition. I'd soon rid the
 ' Kingdom of all our Antagonists, and make every
 ' Circuit more Terrible than an Inquisition ; we
 ' have too long nursed them with the Milk of our
 ' Affection. and like the profligate *Israelites* they
 ' grumble at their *Manna*. *Albion* has Surfeited on
 ' Ease and Prosperity, and the Feavour can't abate
 ' but by letting of Blood, let us make a full Harvest
 ' of these Hot-headed Christians (as they boast
 ' themselves) and at once root out these obstinate
 ' Disturbers of our Peace : The Queen, who was na-
 ' turally of a malicious sullen Temper, and who was
 ' not ignorant how stubborn and averse the *Albio-*
 ' *nites* were to her Interest, had heard *Poliorchetes*
 ' speak with abundance of satisfaction, but being
 ' willing to hear what the rest would propose, giv-
 ' ing thanks to the Chancellour, she expected with
 ' impatience their Thoughts and Opinions. When
 ' *Pedro* rising up. said, he could not but Applaud the
 ' Zeal and Opinion of *Poliorchetes*, and wish'd that
 ' his design could be as easily executed as propos'd,
 ' that his aversion and malice to the Christians of
 ' *Albion* had inspir'd him with such desires of Re-
 ' venge, that with *Nero* he wish'd they had all but
 ' one Neck, and that he among his Fraternity, did
 ' not doubt to find thousands that would strive to
 ' be their Executioner, but that to his sorrow he
 ' fear'd the Chancellours project, however well de-
 ' sign'd, would not be feasible, for besides the A-
 ' larm that Forreign Auxiliaries would raise through-

'out the Kingdom, the natural antipathy, that the
 ' *Albionites* hath both to the *Gauls*, and *Iberians* was
 ' such, that they would incontinently rise to Rebel
 ' and Destroy them, and that if those Forreigners
 ' should fail in their Attempt, the reproach of the
 ' design would be wholly thrown on *Lycogenes* and
 ' his Court, and that it would beget so implacable a
 ' malice in the Heart of the *Albionites* (who were
 ' most of them Christians) that he might justly
 ' fear a general revolt, and thereby the total ruine
 ' of the *Pagan* Interest in *Albion* for ever ; his opini-
 ' on therefore was, that they should rather en-
 ' snare and delude them, and so at advantage cut
 ' them off and destroy them ; 'tis known, said he,
 ' how wonderfully our fraternity have promoted
 ' the *Mahometan* Interest by their subtle and secret
 ' Plots and Contrivances ; have not we by sement-
 ' ing and raising Divisions between the Regular and
 ' Dissenting *Christians* in *Albion* more weakened the
 ' strength of the pretended Reformado's than ever
 ' *Polydorus* by his Dragoons or Contributions ? *Al-*
 ' *bion* (with submission to the *Chancellor*) is not
 ' by publick Hostility to be forc'd, they are valiant
 ' in their Natures, and stubborn in their Principles,
 ' and though the hopeful Doctrine of *Passive Obedi-*
 ' *ence* and *sweet Non-resistance* has been useful unto
 ' us, and lull'd them for a while, yet it may be dan-
 ' gerous to raise those *sleeping Lions* within them,
 ' lest we too late *repent* our over-sond Credulity,
 ' and to our sorrow feel the effects of their *resent-*
 ' *ments* ; set your Policies on work if you wish to
 ' prevail, and if you must *strike*, let it be in the
 ' dark ; we all of us know we are sick, and out of
 ' order, but few of us consider the root and cause
 ' of our distemper, all disinterested Persons would
 L think

' think at first view, that we were now in a hopeful
 ' way of thriving ; we have a King not only a *Pagan*
 ' and our Friend, but zealous and resolv'd to go
 ' through with his work ; but alas, is resolution
 ' sufficient without means ? 'Tis true, by his power
 ' he can secure us for a while ; but what will that
 ' signifie to a lasting satisfaction ? How do our Ene-
 ' mies wait and gape for his death ? And with the
 ' hopes of revenge after his dissolution they patient-
 ' ly submit to their present Impositions ; we know
 ' the main Pillars whereon they all lean. *Anaximan-*
 ' *der* and *Artemisia* are their delight and their hope ;
 ' the Princess *Philadelphia* waits too in reversion,
 ' and from these three do spring all our fears and
 ' misfortunes, and I and my Brethren bear the Ti-
 ' tle of our great Prophet, and suffer his Cause to
 ' be shaken by the weak intercession of *three single*
 ' *Lives* ; Oh Holy *Leyla* ! our first Holy Patron and
 ' Founder, how would thy mighty Spirit fret and
 ' grieve within thee, shouldst thou see the *degene-*
 ' *rate baseness* of thy unworthy Followers ? Where
 ' are the Records of all our Glorious Hero's that
 ' have trod on the Necks of Emperors, and pierc'd
 ' the Hearts of Kings, to propagate and vindicate
 ' our Holy Religion ? Can we forget *Borgia*, *Cle-*
 ' *ment*, *Ravilliac* and others, who have freely Sa-
 ' crific'd themselves for their Religion, and for rea-
 ' sons less considerable than ours, and can we
 ' tamely remit all our present Advantages, and be
 ' baffled of our *future hopes*, by the weak puny op-
 ' position of *three petty pretenders* ? No, no, conti-
 ' nued he, let us lay hold on the *present opportunity*,
 ' and at once finish our long wish'd for deliverance :
 ' These *three* must fall a Sacrifice to our Prophet, and
 ' from the removal of that cause will all our other
 ' Apprehensions cease.

Father

Father *Pedro* had always bore such reputation with *Lycogenes* and *Messalina*, that they look'd on his Counsels little inferior to Oracles, and though the execution of them had always prov'd prejudicial, through their great violence, to the *Pagan* Interest, yet they could not but value the sincerity of his meaning, and always applauded his wise apprehensions; they knew his proposals in this Zealous Oration were very consonant to reason, and agreeable to their true interest; but knowing that the Eyes of all *Europe* were upon these three Princes, and that the least baseness and imposition upon them would engage all *Christendom* in their quarrel, they could not so readily conclude, or resolve upon any violence against their Persons; besides, *Pedro* in a small Apology afterwards insinuated to the Company, the inconvenience of letting the King know any thing of this Project, if happily they should all agree upon it. For (said he) though I know *Lycogenes's* Zeal would make him over-look a thousand difficulties, yet nature and conscience could not with any decency or reason be suppos'd capable of being so wholly obliterated as to consent to any barbarity upon the persons of his own Children; but again, what may prove a sufficient ground of scruple in him, may at the same time leave us free and disinterested from every thing and person that stands in opposition to our designs. The Company however upon the Considerations aforesaid, were very unwilling to engage in *Pedro's* Resolutions or Proposals, and incontinently desir'd the *Marchioness de Tomazo*, to give her Opinion of this grand Affair. The *Marchioness*, who had been a Woman of Amour most of her time, and who now, though Age had ungenerously depriv'd her of the power to please, was very fond and ambitious of being

thought a Woman of Intrigue, had heard the violent Counsels, and Proposals of the Chancellor and Father Pedro with a great deal of *impatience* and *displeasure*; she could not digest those rough and hard terms of cutting of Throats, Poysoning or Assassinations, she had been always us'd to Amorous Sighs, *Billet deux*, and Assignations; therefore rising and making her Compliment to Messalina, and giving a hard look on Poliorchetes and Pedro, she thus began: 'Tis not without the greatest regret imaginable, that I find my self obliged to contradict persons whose known wisdom and experience in the world may with reason claim an entire submission of judgment from me, and though the command and service of her Majesty, may sufficiently apologize for the freedom and liberty of my opinion, yet I doubt not from the nature of the business in hand to prove that what both these honourable persons have delivered as their opinions, if followed, will be inconsistent with the safety of her Majesty, prejudicial to the Pagan interest in Albion for ever, and extreemly difficult, if not impossible to be brought about; nor do I need to say much to dissuade this Honourable Company from the following their proposals, since Father Pedro has already evinc'd and made clear the fallacy of the Chancellor's project, and the rest of the Company have sufficiently shew'd their dislike of Father Pedro's; I shall now therefore proceed to give my opinion, and if I shall have the good fortune to convince your reasons, and draw you into a concurrence, you will then be so just to believe that the freedom of my censure proceeds from other causes than that of meer contradiction; we all agree in the main point, that some course must be taken for re-establishing and securing the Pagan Interest in Albion, so as that it should not seem entirely to depend on the uncertain life of the King; and though the opinion of my self

and

and the Count Davila, who doubtless receives all his measures from the Conclave, and from Boanerges the High-priest, have been by these two Gentlemen opposed, at least neglected, yet I have not been so apprehensive as to hear any new thing proposed, as is capable of making me or the Count recede from our former resolutions, I am sure if it take, 'tis the only effectual way to preserve us entire; I am as sure 'tis as easie, as in a matter of that importance can be wish'd, it may be brought about with so little discomposur of the publick peace, that it shall rather gain the applause of the Kingdom; will not the attaining our desires answer all expectations? what necessity of cutting those Throats which with abundance of eate we can make instrumental and necessary to our designs. the supposition of an Heir Male quashes all other pretenders in a moment; and surely Albion is not so barren or ill natur'd as to deny Lyco-genes a Son. No, no, (reply'd Felyorchetes, interrupting the Marchioness) we have daily experience of the fruitfulness of the Women of Albion, but yet we cannot apprehend how Lyco-genes can expect to reap where he has not had the power, or the will to sow: The will indeed (said Apasia sighing) I believe her Majesty can: ouch for, but to the sorrow and confusion of us all, he wants the power: Let us then (continued the Marchioness) no longer deplore, but endeavour to supply those unfortunate defects of the King our Master, consider on what nice points our Honour and Interest depend, time will not stay for vain and fruitless wishes, and if we slip so fair an opportunity, we shall seem to despise providence, ruine our interest for ever, and fall the reproach of our Enemies, and unpitied by all the Pagans throughout the World. Felyorchetes had heard these last words with wonderful surprise, for his thoughts having run wholly on the extirpation of the Christians by Fire and Sword, he had not so

much as dream'd of any possibility of milder means, and now guessing at what the Marchioness had intended, he was extremely tickl'd with the project, and desired the Marchioness, That since she had propos'd something extraordinary, she would be pleas'd to explain her self, so as that they might endeavour to solve any difficulties that might arise upon a strict examination of the design: The difficulties (reply'd the Marchioness) are so small, in comparison of that advantage we shall reap, that among us they will not admit of a dispute; besides, we have had a president of what I propose, which though it miscarried in the main, yet it was not for want of power, but will of some Parties concerned to bring it about; That an Heir is absolutely necessary to confirm and settle our otherwise fading hopes, we all agree; and shall not we submit to necessity, and endeavour to restore by art what envious nature, or cruel fortune have ruin'd or with-held? It must be so, (reply'd Messalina) it must be so, and there is no other to uphold my tottering Crown: It must be so, and yet my boding Soul foretells it won't succeed; these saucy Albionites, will still be prying, and every step I make will have remarks. Rejoyce, Dread Sovereign, (reply'd Polycheres) (who had already taken that hint) the Marchioness has in one word finished what the united strength of my dull Brain could ne're attempt: But now the Game is up, I'll keep the scent, and work it on to the desired perfection. Why should your Majesty (reply'd Pedro) despair at all of due success? Does your Majesty want power, or friends, or opportunity to act what a Predecessor and Namesake with so much disadvantage but effected if Philippo had prov'd but half so generous as is the brave Lycogenes: Can you doubt the success of any Enterprise when you have so powerful assistance even from your Enemies? Could she carry on a design of the same na-

ture even to the brink of performance, so as to amuse, nay, to convince all orders of the Kingdom of the reality of it? And can you doubt at last of failing? She had a sharp-sighted Parliament, near five hundred of the wisest in the Kingdom to combat with, who were strict in their observance, suspicious of her dealing, and resolute against any imposition; she had the Nobility on one hand, the King her Husband of the other; and yet she baffled all but that narrow-hearted Prince, who like the Dog in the Manger could neither eat the Hay himself, nor would suffer the Horses; he had seen himself incapable of reestablishing the Pagan interest by the assurance of an Heir, and was so covetous and mean as to hinder the propagation of it by another, whereas your Majesty stands on sure grounds, you have a strong party in the Court, of wise and able men to advise you, you have a potent Army ready to protect and defend you, but above all you have a Husband and a King to assist and further you; who dares even suspect you? who would presume to prove you? By your word, you create an Heir, and your command settles the Kingdom for ever. Thus Pedro spoke, and a general applause run through the whole Company, there remain'd only *Aspasia* and the Queen to give their Sentiments and Opinions, and *Aspasia* declaring in short, that Father Pedro had wholly satisfied her thoughts and desires in this juncture, and that she wholly submitted to the judgment of the Queen. *Messalina* raising her self, briefly gave her resolution thus: Nothing can give us greater encouragement and assurance of success, than the zeal and fidelity of you our beloved Counsellors, and since our business presseth for a speedy conclusion, I shall need say no more, than that I do, and shall assent to what the Majority of you, viz. the Marchionels de Tomazo, *Aspasia*, and Pedro have laid down; there remains therefore no more but that you

immediately consult of the manner and method of bringing it on, and from time to time to communicate your advice to us ; I advise and think fit that Boanerges the High Priest, our most Holy Kinsman, have timely notice of your proceedings, as also Polydorus our Royal Friend and Ally, that they may take care to order Affairs in Foreign Parts, so as that we may have the universal assistance of all our Friends to promote a Project so highly advantageous to all their Interests.

This gracious Speech and Condescension was received with unspeakable joy by the Counsel, and Father Pedro stepping to the Door, gave orders for private Thanksgiving throughout all the *Mosques* in *Albion*, as also for Processions, Feasts, and other expressions of joy ; and having again seated himself, they immediately fall close to the point. The first business they resolve on is, That being five in number, viz. the Count, Pedro, Polyorcheses, the Chancellor, the Marchioness de Tomazo, and Aspasia, they severally have several Employments and Offices assigned them, for the more effectual and speedy accomplishment of their business. The Count who by his Office and Interest with Boanerges, could claim a Domination over the *Pagan* Priests, was to summon a Convocation, and to give them instructions how to disperse the News of her Conception, and to insinuate, as if by Divine Inspiration they knew it would be a Prince, as also to quash any Objections or Doubts concerning it, and to make remarks of the persons : Father Pedro was to be made one of the Privy-Council, and as he was one of the chief Contrivers at first, so now he was to enliven and confirm the report of the Queens Conception at the publick Board, and to represent it with all the seeming Cindour imaginable, he was to silence all

Disputes

Disputes and Contests that might haply arise upon it, and to make motions to the Board, to give such order concerning her Majesty, and the Child, as should gain a General Approbation and Belief throughout the Kingdom, and though there arose a Controversie whether it were not fitter for some other *Pagan* Lords of *Albion* to espoule this part, yet they soon concluded on the ability of *Pedro*, who was better qualify'd to represent it in handsom Colours, and consequently would go down the glibber, and pass secure with the people, seeing they had so good Vouchers as Privy-Councillors: The *Chancellor* being a Man of an hardned Constitution, was appointed to wait with diligence against the time of the pretended Birth, and by a positive Assertion, if any suspicion should arise (as in all Cheats probably may happen) he was to maintain the *Rem in Re*. which from so grave a person as the chief Judge of Conscience, would surely be believ'd, and as readily assented to as the words of an Oracle: *Aspasia* being concern'd so near *Messalina* as Lady of the Bed-Chamber &c. She was to Carels the Ladies with the joyful News of the Queens Conception, and from time to time insinuate passages belonging to Child-bearing, to give an account of the growth of the Burthen, and to make the thing feasible she was to carry on a suspicion or fear of a Miscarriage, and it being once granted that she could possibly Miscarry, included the belief that she was really Teeming: And now there was none but the Marchioness remaining, who being a Woman, as is before said, of a quick Judgment in Intrigues, and who knew well how to manage an Imposture of that nature, it was laid upon her with Secrecy and Assurance to procure two or three young wholsome

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Women

Women whose time of Delivery should critically agree with the Queen's time allotted and set down by this Council; the Marchioness was not dissatisfied with the Task, though she could not but be sensible it requir'd depth of Judgment, a great deal of discreet Enquiry, and continual Care to manage them to a Hairs breadth, lest any unlucky accident might spoil the whole Intrigue, but upon a little consideration she remembred she had heard an Inkleing of a young Kinswoman of her own, how that through weakness she had been forc'd to surrender her Virginity to the Assaults of a young Spark, who had since forsaken her, and had withal left her a sure pledge of his Love and Vigour, so that being so well encouraged at first she readily submits to the Commands of the Board, and engages upon Honour to answer their Expectation; and now the generals being concluded on and appointed, they disperse, and forthwith apply themselves to their several Employments, and as a Prologue to their intended Villany, they give out, among their own Party, at least, the necessity of Unity in their Prayers to their Saints and the Deity, to send their Majesty's an Heir to succeed him in his Throne and Dominions, and to settle their holy Religion in this Heretical Land, they cause Processions and Pilgrimages, Offerings and Supplications, to be made, first to the great Saint at *Loretto*, then to *St. Winifred* and they cause *Mel-falins* to repair to several Waters that are famous Antidotes against Barrenness. though at the same time they did not consider that the People look'd upon it very awkward and strange, that the Queen had never found out this way of preparing for Child-bearing before; but such are the practices of the Pagan Religion, that the greatest Villanies and Rogueries they intend

intend to commit are still preceded and usher'd in with great appearances of Sanctity ; and now all things being in a readiness, the Queen declares her self publickly to be with Child, and Orders were given for publick Thanksgiving throughout the Isles, and in other Forreign parts ; Rejoycings and Feastings were made by the Kings Residents and Ambassadors, especially in *Rome* and *Gaule*, as if it were not enough to impose so great a Villany on the whole Kingdom, without enforcing them to prevaricate with the Deity in their Prayers, and to make Petitions for that which really was not ; but notwithstanding all the Contrivance and Advice to carry on this Intrigue, the People, especially the Christian Nobles and Gentry of *Albion* were mightily surpris'd with so improbable an Accident ; and tho by reason of an Indisposition, which *Messalina* for some while before lay under, the Kings weakness and other circumstances, they could not readily free themselves from a suspicion of Treachery, yet they resolv'd to bear themselves with all moderation, and to have a diligent Eye upon *Messalina* and all about her ; the first real occasion of dislike was that the Queen did not treat the Christian Ladies of *Albion*, especially the Princess *Philadelpa*, with that freedom as the joy and pride of so great a happiness, if real, would naturally have prompted her to ; for she would resent it highly if she could but observe any of the Christians making the least observations of her Breasts, Belly, her Look, or any other Symptom, by which Women in that Condition are easily distinguished ; another great reason was, that she seem'd to slight the Pretensions of the Princess *Artemisia*, so as there was not the least intimation given her to be at the Queens Labour till

within a very few days before she was Delivered; besides, the Confidence of the *Pagan* Party did strangely startle the People, when like Oracles they would affirm that of necessity it must be a Prince: These and many other material circumstances made the *Albionites* talk broadly of the business; nor were *Lyrones* and *Messalina* ignorant of their Sentiments; however having the Power absolutely in their hands, they were resolved to cut that knot which they found impossible to untie. and since they had thus far advanced in a business of that importance, they resolv'd to go through and bring it about, tho' with a thousand absurdities and incoherences, for besides the alteration of her Reckoning, which proceeded partly from a fear of disappointment, if the Woman that came first should have brought forth a Girl, but chiefly to amuse the Nobility and Gentry of the Court and Kingdom, who would doubtless have made it their business in behalf of the Princess *Artemisia* and the Kingdom, to attend and watch that all things might have been carryed fairly and above-board; I say, besides the alteration of her reckoning she would give out upon every turn different places of her pretended lying in, sometimes she would give orders for R — d, at other times she would remove her fancy to H — Court, but in reality St. *Faques* was the place resolv'd on, for *Alba Regalis* the whole party allow'd, because by reason of the multitude and concourse of People that constantly attend there, she could not possibly have been so privately Deliver'd as the intrigue did necessarily require; besides, there was no conveniency for the Child to be brought through

through the Galleries or Lodgings, but in the Palace of St. *Jaques*, there was a Seraglio and a Mosque adjoining with abundance of winding by dark Chambers, secret Passages, Trap-doors and dark Corners, where not only one or two of the Women were with great security and secrecy kept till the time of their Delivery, but where the Queen might have the Child coisted into her Bed reaking and hot from the Womb, but in the heat of all this intrigue and design *Lycogenes* was unlukily put in mind that by the Laws of *Albion* the presence of one or more of the Christian Prelates was to be at the Birth of every Roval Infant indispensable required; to resolve this difficulty a Council is immediately call'd, and after sundry Debates it is concluded, that some way or other must be found to bring all or most of the Dissenting part into a premunire, and so by aggravation either to endanger their Lives, or at least to clap them up and secure them till the Queens Delivery; accordingly a flaw was immediately found and the Prelates forthwith Confin'd: and now nothing but the presence of the Princess *Philadelphæa* was fear'd, but what cannot the craft of the wicked Jebusites bring about? that Princess had unfortunately complain'd of some small indisposition, when the Queen immediately takes the hint, and by the means of *Pedro* and some other Malecontents, she prevails with her Physician to perswad her to take a Journey to the Waters of *Baija*, though the Operation of those Waters was manifestly known to be contrary to the Princess's Distemper, they being loosening, and she wanting Restraining; but her absence was absolutely necessary, and therefore by any means to be obtain'd; the Princess according to their wishes leaves the Court, and they were resolv'd to do their business before her return; and now all things to appearance

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Pearance seem'd to favour the design, the time pre-
 scrib'd drew near, their greatest Adversaries were
 remov'd, the Court Party, and Pagan Priests, with
 daily Stories and Shams were amusing and taking
 the attention of the Christians; all things seem'd
 smooth, and the Critical Minute was at hand, when
 news was brought to *Messalina*, that one of the Wo-
 men was in Labour, immediately the Queen takes her
 Chair, and hastes over to St. *Jagues*, but before she
 had well ascended the Stairs, she was told, that Wo-
 man had brought forth a Girl, with which being
 the present confounded, she descends, leaving before
 such Orders as were necessary; the other Women
 expecting their Times Daily and Hourly; and indeed
 ere three Days were over she receiving another
 Summons, repair forthwith to St. *Jagues*, she stay'd
 there all Night with long expectation of Success;
 early the next Morning she receives the glad Tidings
 that a Man Child was Born, which with all speed
 was convey'd to the Dormitory adjoining to her
 Bed-Chamber, in the same reeking Circumstances
 was Born in, and having before taken care for the
 conducting of it to the Queens Bed, the Alarm
 given at *Alba Regalis*, that the Queen was in La-
 bour; *Lycogenes* had that Morning rose something
 earlier than ordinary, and had crost over to his own
 side on purpose to draw off the men with him, and
 consequently to favour the Cheat, by leaving as few
 as possible about the Queens Apartment; in the
 mean time Madamoizel de *W*—— having before
 given the Infant a small Opiate to hinder its Crying for
 the present lays it gently in a large Warming-Pan
 made on purpose, and lin'd with Velvet for the more
 commodious and easie carriage, and the Queen rising
 under pretence of giving liberty for Warming the
 Bed.

Bed, Madamoizel unlades her Vessel and leaves the Infant in the place appointed; the Queen strait returning to Bed, the Room immediately fills, though none were Summon'd but such as *Lycogenes* thought were afraid to make a doubt or a scrutiny into the Truth of it, or those whom *Lycogenes* had already prepar'd to swallow and favour the imposition, and now the pretended Prince being Born the Pagans of *Albion* begin their Jubilee, *Latroon* Governor of *Iberia* begins to double the Persecution of the Christians there, *Polydorus* by a strict Alliance and L E A G U E with *Lycogenes*, thinks of nothing but an Universal Monarchy, *Lycogenes* doubles the Oppressions of his Christian Subjects, *Messalina* boasts of the downfall of Heresie, and a perpetual Regency, during her Life; The poor Christians, especially the *Albionites*, though something apprehensive of the Consequences of this Intrigue, were yet by their constant Remarques of all Transactions since the Report of *Messalina's* Conception sufficiently satisfied of the Fallacy and Chear, and resolv'd on measures which they doubted not would in a little time unravel the whole Mystery.

The End of the SECOND PART.

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THE
Third Part
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Messalina.

WHEREIN,
The Secret Intrigues of the Four last Years
Reign are Completed.

AND THE
Love Adventures of *Polydorus*
King of the *Gauls*,

AND THE
Late Queen of *ALBION*,
Made Publick.

By a Woman of Quality, a late Confidant of
Q. MESSALINA.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

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T H E
Bookfeller
T O T H E
READER.

T H E Promis'd, and long Expected Third Part of the Amours of our *MESSALINA*, is here at your Service: And though some Criticks I am inform'd (and indeed my Sale tells me as much) have not put an equal value on the two foregoing Parts, the Second lying under the Repute of much Inferiour to the First: My Historian makes no other Apology, than that the Fair Messalina had so many Engines at Work, in turning that great Hinge of the Pagan Glory, Her Warming-pan Plot; and her Hands and Head so full of Politicks on that Important Occasion, that She then wanted Leisure for Intrigue

The Bookseller to the Reader.

and Amour; which indeed being the main Delight of the Generality of my Readers, might perhaps lessen the Satisfaction expected from the Second Part. But since her Majesties Departure from the Heretick Albion, has Translated her to a more agreeable and natural Element, the Pagan Court of Gothland; her heavier and sullen Business she begins to shake off, and resumes the lighter Air of Love and Pleasure. And accordingly we dare, without Vanity, assure our Kind Reader, That the former Defects are supplied in the Entertainment of this Third Part of her History. An Amorous Polydorus, little less famous under the Banners of Cupid, than the sometime Glorious Britomard himself, lying at the Feet of the Adored Messalina, affords a little more Matter of Adventure and Diversion. With this Recommendation to our little Volume of the Great Messalina, We beg your present generous Acceptance. And if you find your Messalina warm with any extraordinary Spark for the Imperial Polydorus; you are to consider, that the Sanctuary and Glorious Reception she meets in the Court of her ever firm Friend, the King of the Gauls have Inspired her with no small Gratitude to the MOST PAGAN Heroe, and Champion of her Altars.

The Third PART.

LOVE could no longer brook this interfering Business in the Court of *Albion*; for seeing with Indignation, how Ambition daily had intrench'd on his Prerogative, he re-assumes his long neglected Darts, and vows **severe** Revenge on his Rebellious Subjects. And now *Messalina's* haughty Heart, which vast aspiring **Hopes** had long engaged, softens again in Gentleness and Love: She had seen the Languets of her Charming Count, and heard his gentle Murmurs with Compassion; she knew the great restraint he forc'd upon his Heart, when by reason of her numerous Attendants, and Visitours, he had not opportunity to breath his Love; sometimes a Wink, an Amorous Look, or Sigh, she would by stealth return; or otherwise, in some Ambiguous Words, she would discover her Concern and Care, for his endearing Passion; but in such dumb shows alone, as there were more than Three Weeks spent, e're she could possibly engage, or speak with him alone. During which time, her Beauty, with the Satisfaction of her Mind, was much improved; and that forc'd Abstinence, which her pretended Child-bearing had made her undergo, conduc'd as well to carry on the Cheat, as to revive some fading Glories in her Face, caus'd by the Fears and Apprehensions of Miscarrying. Now, in Triumphant Wife, she'd Walk, and Look, and with Disdainful Jest,

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among

among her Confidants, Laugh at the weak dull *Christians* of the Court. Come Dear *Aspasia*, would she say, let us no longer doubt of good Success; let's every Tear bring forth a Son, and stock the Kingdom with a Race of Pagan Princesses; shall my aspiring lofty Soul, stoop to the nice Destructive Rules of their insipid Morals? One flight of Pagan Fancy quite out-strips their heavy tedious Motions; and till now, our Fears alone have been our Bugbear Apparitions: With how much ease, did we contrive and Finish, what some faint puny hearted Creatures thought impossible? Oh how I am pleased to think how naturally I manag'd the Intreague: Didst thou observe, how gravely some would stand; and when my feigned Groans and Cries, would reach their Ears, how then officiously they'd shake their Heads, devoutly lifting up their Hands, and pray for my Delivery? Then, when my seeming Pains would make me faintish, with what Concern they'd Sigh and Whisper, while I would gently grasp, and turn to thee, and smile at the Success of our Invention. Come, Come, let's see this Darling of our Hopes, this Ground-work of our Everlasting Joy; long Live, and Live to Reign, my little blooming Life, and Live to be the Scourge of our Curst Christian Foes; I'll swear thee, like another *Hanibal*, their Mortal Foe; each drop of Milk thou suckst, shall breed an Age of Malice in thy Heart; A Christian's Name shall grate upon thy Soul, and thou shalt prove the Plague of their Profession; I'll breath my Spirit through thy tender Pores, and make thy hatred of them Everlasting; Down, down ye Pagans, to your Great Deliverer; Adore your Mighty Prince, and your Redeemer: See how the base dejected Christians shrink; see how they Tremble at his Awful Frown: Albion is once again Redeemed, *Aspasia*, and now my Crown sits firm and easie on my Head. Thus in Vain Raptures would the Queen break out, and boast her Promises to be Prophe-tical; but soon, alas, she found her self deceived, and all her Glorious Promises vanish of a sudden. *Anaximander*, and the Princess *Artemisia*, while *Licogenes*, and his

his *Pagan* Councillors, continued only to make some small Encroachments, and Breaches on the Laws of *Albion*, seemingly designing, for no more than a small Toleration of the *Pagan* Religion in *Albion*, kept themselves within all bounds of Modesty and Submission, to the King their Father; only in some small Remonstrances, they did Declare their Unwillingness to appear Parties in the Annulling, or Dispensing with those Laws, made purely for the Security of the *Christian* Religion, against the Practices and Contrivances of the *Pagans*; but when they plainly saw, their Own, and the Kingdoms Interest, resolved to be made a Sacrifice to the Ambition, and Covetousness of a small Party, that by the known Laws of the Land, were declared the irreconcilable Enemies of the *Christians*; they thought it then high time to look about them, and though they paid all the Reverence imaginable to the King, their Father; yet they could not resolve to yield their Rights and Inheritance, and hold precariously their Estates, at the Discretion of an *Anti-Christian* pack'd Council; besides, by several Remonstrances and Petitions from the Chief of the Nobility and Gentry, they had been solicited to take them into their Protection, and to endeavour a Redress of their Grievances, and heavy Oppressions. *Anaximander*, being a Prince of a Vast and Generous Spirit, was easily induc'd to condescend to their Relief; for, besides his proper Interest in the Crown of *Albion*, which by the common Principles of Nature, he was obliged to Maintain and Defend; he often would revolve on the Glory of the Action, and how Heroick and God like it would show, to appear the Great and Glorious Champion of the *Christian* Religion, which by a Secret League, between *Pyndorus* King of the *Gauls*, and the King *Licogenes*, was resolved to be wholly Extirpated, and Routed out of *Europe*. Upon these Considerations, the Prince *Anaximander* immediately imports his Desires and Resolutions

to the High and Mighty Lords and States of the *Low Lands*, desiring their Lordships Advice and Assistance in a Matter of that Importance, to the Security of themselves, as well as all other *Christians*; which upon due Considerations, they with all Alacrity imaginable Grant. And now the Prince having a Gallant, though small Fleet equipp'd with all the speed that could be, makes for the *West of Albion*, and with such prudent Secrecy were all things managed, that *Lycogenes* had not the least Intimation in the World of his Designs, till his Fleet was ready to Sail. *Messalina* had, that Night the fatal News arrived, assign'd Count *Davila* to meet her at *St. Jaques* and the Marchioness *de Tomazo* in the Absence especially of *Aspasia* (who a while before was gone over to her Husband *Larcon*, Governour of *Iberia*) being her chief Confident, was order'd to attend. The Count, who had once or twice been Tardy in the Hour appointed, though now by early Diligence to make amends, so that by Twilight he was gotten up into the Bed-Chamber, being his private Retirement for *Messalina*, during the King's Absence at any Time, or her Indisposition; where sitting down near the Bed, he waited with Impatience for the Queen; and in the mean time, was contemplating on the Happiness of his Enjoyments; by this time, Darknes had o'er-spread the Earth, and the Marchioness being to give the Orders for the Candles of that private Apartment especially at that season, the Count found himself for some time very solitary, and without Light, and being about to make to the Door, he heard some stirring and breathing on the Bed, when drawing the Curtain softly he could just perceive by her Cloaths, it was a Lady fast asleep; the Count was mightily amaz'd at first, but recollecting himself, he thought it doubtless was the Queen who had retired thither before the Hour appointed, and had prevented even his Dilligence in coming; so without scruple, throwing himself on the Bed, he clasped

the supposed *Messalina* in his Arms, and having in his first Transports run with his curious Hand o'er all the private Recesses of her Charms, he was just preparing to attack the Fort, mingling with his Kisses, his short Amorous Sighs, foretelling Transports, Extasies and Dyings; when *Messalina* hastily comes in with a small Taper in her Hand, and calls: *Tomazo*, is not my Dear Count yet come, *Tomazo*? The Marchioness at the very Instant, whether the Amorous bustling of the Count had operated on her waking Fancy, or whether by the Impression of some pleasing Dream, she was thereto incited, Cryed passionately out, "Make haste my Dear *Antonio*, "make haste, the Marquess will be here and Ruine us. The Queen who had heard her speak those last Words, by this Time had opened the Curtain, and there discovered the Count, raised on his Knees between *Tomazo*'s Leggs, and in a posture which plainly discovered the drift of his Intentions; never were Three Persons (for by this Time the Marchioness had wak'd) so severally astonished and confounded; the Queen with Shame had shown her Face glowing Red, and then with Anger straight grown Pale; the Count, though in that awkward Posture, was so much confounded, he could not move himself, nor had the Sense to cover the Marchioness, or his own Nakedness; but between Wonder, Anger and Fear, was wholly bereft of even Sense or Motion: The Marchioness, whose Age and Experience had rendered her familiar with the same or the like Adventures, was not so much Ashamed of being seen in that Condition and Posture, as Apprehensive of the Queen's Resentments, if, as was probable, she should suppose any Amour between her and the Count, her Lover, and whom she had but that Night appointed, and design'd for her own Use and Service. In such distracted Thoughts and Manner, did they for a great while stand and gaze, and wonder at one another, without one Word between them, till

at last the Queen, whether heightend in her Fancy, with the pleasing sight and intended Action of the Count, or upon due consideration, believing and judging, by the Words she had heard the *Marchioness* utter, that it was wholly a mistake on all sides, burst out in Laughter, and turning her Face a little, told the Count in Drollery, the Weather began to be Cold, and therefore he would do well to take care and cover his Mistress and himself: The Count with this short reprimand was thoroughly wak'd out of his Trance, and slipping off the farther side of the Bed, was bustling a long time to put himself in order, while the *Marchioness*, half distracted, rises and pulls the Curtains close about her; which the Queen seeing, She calls out to her: *What Tomazo! You are resolved then to keep the Count to your Self this Night*; and making to the Bed, She threw the Curtains again open, and discovered *Tomazo* in a fresh Confusion: By this time the Count had gathered a little more assurance, and coming from behind the Bed, he strait threw himself at *Messalina's* Feet, humbly ask'd her Pardon, and told her, he hop'd she was not insensible of the fatal mistake he had like to have fallen in; and consequently, he doubted not of her favourable Interpretation; he was sorry he had first appeared in so indecent a Posture, and his continuance therein, She could not but believe the consequence of his Astonishment. The Queen, who upon a just consideration of the Circumstances, was sufficiently satisfied of his Innocence, was so far from being angry or disturb'd, that after two or three fits of Laughter, She threw her delicious Arms about his Neck, and with Ten Thousand Kisses Seal'd his Pardon: then turning to her dear *Tomazo*, She would Laugh, and say, Make hast my Dear *Antonio*, make haste; O Dear, my Husband comes! Alas, What shall we do? we are ruin'd Dear *Antonio*. Thus did She Droll on the poor *Marchioness*, 'till the Count put-

putting her in mind of the time of the Night, they
 were retiring to the Closet to Converse, when a Mes-
 senger from *Alba Regalis*, comes in haste, to give an
 account of an Express, *Lycogenes* had receiv'd from the
Belgian Lowlands, giving an Account of the Preparations
 and Designs of the Prince *Anaximander*, to come and re-
 dress the Grievances of the poor *Christians* of *Albion*:
 the Queen (who was no otherwise read in the Politicks
 and Affairs of State, than as Father *Pedro*, the *Count*,
 or some other of her Priests upon particular occasions
 had Instructed her) was not at first so apprehensive of
 the Danger as the *Count*, who was so vehemently start-
 led at the News, that without any more Complement
 than Bowing to the Queen, he descends and takes
 Coach for *Alba Regalis*; where he was no sooner Ar-
 rived, but he found the whole Court Alarm'd; and *Ly-*
cogenes in Solemn Council was gone to Debate the Bu-
 siness: The next Day the News was confirmed by ano-
 ther Express, and then all was in an Uproar; *Lycogenes*
 in a great Fright comes to Council, tells them his ap-
 prehensions of *Anaximanders* Design, requires their best
 and speedy Advice, puts them in Mind of all the Brea-
 ches he had made in the Laws for their Sakes; and that
 now, without speedy Assistance, he was likely to be ru-
 ined, and the *Pagans* Hopes throughout *Albion* to be ut-
 terly lost. Such dreadful Words as these, and coming
 from a Prince that had been in every *Panegyrick* cry'd
 up and applauded for his Constancy of Mind, and In-
 vincible Courage, did so amaze and terrifie his Coun-
 cellors, that they could not in a long time set their
 hearts on any serious Consultation; some of them with-
 drew, then in again; presently others that had been
 absent, came Posting to understand and enquire into
 the Business; some would relate it as terrible as their
 fears, and represent the numbers of the Princes Ships
 and Men double; here you should see a haughty Stiff-

necked Priest, come humbly fawning to a Christian Noble, as if confessing past Mis-carriages and Crimes, he wish'd for good Conditions: Some would be packing up their Goods and Treasure, their guilty boading Consciences fore-telling their forc'd Flight and Ruine: But *Pedro* and *Poliorchetes*, the Chancellour, who were sensible they were likely to share the sum and substance of all unhappy Revolutions, thought it now no longer time to dally, or spend the precious Minutes in useles idle Fears, but to apply the most healing Medicines, that the present bleeding Wound would bear; and accordingly perswade *Lycogenes* to re-call several Edicts, that by their Instigation and Council had been promulg'd against the Interest and Safety of his Christian Subjects: And Father *Pedro* calling a Convocation of his Inferiour Priests, makes them Dis-robe, and in disguise to mingle among the Christian Assemblies, in the *Forum*, *Burse*, Temples, and other publick Meeting Places, and there with Confidence to utter false Reports, to lessen the Strength of *Anaximander*, to cry up the miseries of a Civil War, to Extol the Loyalty of the King's Christian Subjects, to make comparison between young *Perkin's* Expedition and this, and thence to conclude positively of the like success: The Court party also of Renegado Christian Divines, were ordered to Preach up the necessity of Obedience and Loyalty, to withstand the Prince in his Attempts, and to brand his Expedition with the horrible Title of *Insurrection*. These, and many other Arts were used to take off the Edge of *Anaximander's* Sword; sometimes they Brand His Royal Person with base and ignominious Names; other times they would think to terrifie the Rebels (as they would call all that should assist him) with the Exemplary Punishments, inflicted by the Chancellour *Polyorchetes*, in his bloody *Western Campaign*: But all would not do, the Christians knew the

Pagan Panick Faith, as well as Inhumane Cruelty, they saw their Laws, their Liberties, and Lives at Stake; and that now was the only time to assert and recover them; the Pagan Priests had often mock'd the King out of his most Solemn Promises, and Messalina had endeavoured to entail their Slavery upon them to all Posterity. Nothing therefore could stagger their former Resolutions, but like the Adder, they were Deaf to all their treacherous Charms, and false Insinuations: Notwithstanding, Messalina's dauntless Pride could not 'till the Princes Landing stoop to the apprehension of any material Danger; she'd often chalk out time and place to see the fond weak Prince brought bound to *Troynovant*; She'd Laugh and Jeer at his few pany Forces, and would in every Table Talk defeat his whole Battalions; sometimes She'd call her Melancholy Lover, whose deeper apprehensions, now had chang'd his usual Mirth; sometimes, I say, She'd call him to her, and reproach his needless Fears: *What?* would She say, *Can Davila suspect or fear, when Messalina's Heart is free? Can thy so much applauded Courage stoop to what a poor weak Womans Soul can stand? Stand did I say?* By all that's good, this Hand shall bow the Neck of that poor Spirited Prince, that weak presumptuous Wretch, that dare Invade my Husbands losty Crown: *What my Dear Davila, canst thou lament? Hast thou a Diadem to loose, a Throne to be pull'd down, Subjects and Slaves to be destroyed before thy Face? These may create a Monarchs doubts and fears: What then should thy Eyes swell with needless Tears? Remit, remit, alas, thy useless apprehensions! I am the Center of thy Thoughts: In me thy utmost Wishes are determined; while then I stand secure, What need'st thou fear? Chear up, chear up, my dear lov'd Count; let us not lose our present happy Minutes, for vain weak doubts of future Cares and Sorrows.*

The *Count* both wondred and rejoyced at the great Heroick Heart of his beloved Royal Mistress; and tho' he knew, and was perfectly sensible that her words were rather the effect of her dauneless Spirit, than of a solid Consideration; yet he saw so much Love express'd in her frequent concernment for him, that he could not but in common Gratitude and Honour, make her the same, or suitable returns; he therefore told her Majesty, That his apprehension of being separated from her, was without doubt, a sensible affliction to him; but above all he deplor'd his great unhappiness, in not being able to afford more than his own personal assistance, to repel her own, and their great Propheet's Enemies; that he cordially wish'd the Prince *Anaximander's* undertakings might prove as frivolous and ineffectual, as she had declared them; that his great care of her Majesty's Safety and Honour, was the only Foundation of his Fear that he did indeed object the worst to himself, but did not believe he had yet any reason to despair of the best; that he was sensible her super-eminent Merit had render'd her Obnoxious to the Slandrous reproaches and envy of the Wicked Christian *Albionites*; that the King her Husband's Zeal, in a good and pious Cause, had incurred the wicked Malice of his rebellious Subjects; and that if his Affairs (which Heaven forbids) should happen to fail, it would be the total ruin and destruction of his Life and happiness, to think she should fall into the Hands of her Enemies, or be lessened in her Fortune or high Station; that therefore it was his humble and hearty request, that she would suffer himself, and some other select Friends to consult and lay before her such measures for the security of her Person and Honour, as should appear to be most convenient; that providing against the worst would be no hindrance of her enjoyment of the best; but above all, that she would give him her resolution and firm

promise to let himself accompany and wait on her in all, and every Misfortune that possibly could befall her. *Messalina* was ravish'd with this so zealous and tender demonstration of her Dear Counts Love, and in a loving transport catching his Hand and Arm, she pull'd him to her on a Couch whereon she sat, where with unspeakable Raptures she would Circle her Snowy Arms and Hands, about his Neck and Waist; Oh! how she'd suck his Amorous ruddy Lipps and Cheeks, and with her Balmy melting Hand stroak, and press, and play with his Manly Neck, and Face, "Oh! could'st thou think "Dear Cruel Heart, said she, that e're my Panting Soul "could yield to part with thee, the Dearest, blest Fountain of it's joy; Fortune, indeed with rude or Impartial hands may catch and grasp my Shaken, Tottering Crown; but sure my Heart and Will, are still my own; and being mine, who Dare Pretend to Stop, or Claim what I resolve to Share, to Give, to Keep for only Thee. No, no, my Life, my *Davila*, continued she: "If Fate or Curst Inconstant Fortune have decreed "my Separation from this Ill-bred Isle, Thou like my "better Genius shalt attend me, thou like my happy "Star shalt lead the Way: where e're we come we'll be "each others Heaven, and in thy Bosome will I place "my Land of Joy, and Rest. With these last words they fell together on the Couch, and tir'd with busie Love and Rapture, soon dropt into a gentle Slumber. Faithful *Tomaso*, in the mean time was hovering about the Out-Guards to prevent surprize, and to divert the access of any suspicious Persons: She had waited half an hour or little more, when comes a Messenger from King *Lycogenes* to *Messalina*, which brought account, the Prince was now at Sea, and with a numerous Fleet was making all the Sail he could for *Albion*: the *Marchioness* receives the Message, and all in Tears repairs with open Mouth to the Queens Closer: the Queen waking abruptly at the

Noise she made, starts up, and with a sudden Shriek alarm's the Count; *Anaximander* comes, Dread Sovereign cries the *Marchioness*, he comes with Speed and Power and Swears to Unravel all? O Mighty Operations! the Count who had hardly yet recovered himself, was looking about when he had heard the *Marchioness* declare he was come, and putting himself on his Guard, swore he'll Defend his Royal Mistress to the last; Oh! that his Single Fate, Cries *Mefalina*, were to be oppos'd to thine: Inspir'd by Love and my auspicious Prayers, how would'st thou crush his Puny Soul. Soon should'st thou nip these daring Christians hopes, and with one happy blow secure our Pagan Friends and Interest for ever. In the mean time *Lycogenes* in late and early Councils, was contriving how to stop this overflowing Current of the *Princes* designs; he had observ'd an unusual blitheness in all his *Christian* Nobles Faces, and was sensible that the Prince *Anaximander* could not presume to attack the *Albionites*, without very good Incouragement from the *Grande's*: however, with all his industry he was not able to learn out who were *Anaximanders* Abettors in this bold design; Father *Pedro* and others of his *Anti-Christian* Council were advising him to lay hold on, and secure all that he could but in the least suspect; but this being controverted was found too Violent, and more than the present Circumstances of affairs could bear; others suggesting the doubtful Loyalty of the great City of *Troynovant*, 'twas thought advisable to secure the *Citadel*, in some Peculiar trusty hands, and thereby to scare that Populous and Powerful Place into a just Obedience: this was found good and Feazable, and strait a new Commander is ordain'd, with secret orders how to manage things to the best advantage. In the mean time, the Prince *Anaximander*, fleers away, and without any lett or hindrance, in a few days arrives safe at a convenient Haven, in the *West* of *Albion*; and now the Thread of Poor *Lycogenes* his Fate be-

began to crack, now he could plainly see the errors of his Government, and when it was unhappily too late, might Curse the base designs of his pernicious Counsellors : now was he forc'd to stoop that Glorious Lofly Heart, which dauntless heretofore had braved the mightiest force of *Europe*. How was he chang'd, alas, from that brave Invincible *Lycogenes*, that did through Clouds of Smoake and Fire, Charge through the *Belgian* Fleet, and with fresh Lawrels Crown'd, return'd in Triumph to his joyfull Country : now every little *Western* breeze that heretofore did serve to blow and kindle up his flaming Courage. like some cold Pestilential air damps his Mis-giving Soul ; now Poor, forsaken of himself he stands, Conscience alone of Ills past done remains his tiresome guest : Attend ye cursed race of wicked *Jebusites*, see the Prodigious effects of your Pernicious Councils, ye Cloggs to Crowns, and bane of Power.

*Empires to Shake, and Monarchs to Dethrone,
Curst Race of Loyals thy Work alone.
Kings, Crowns, and States o're thrown ! no more ? alas ;
Those Records fill not half thy Leaves of Brass.
What need those stor'd up Coals (scarce worth Heavens while)
For mighty Doomsday, Nature's Funeral Pile :
Let Thee but loose for th' Universe o're turning,
Thy Single Brand would set the Globe a Burning.*

The Prince *Anaximander* no sooner appear'd with his Fleet, but the *Christians* all about the Country flock'd to the Shore, and with loud shouts and all other demonstrations of Joy, welcomed the arrival of their great Deliverer : and several with Boats stock'd with fresh Provision put off and dispers'd them about the Fleet, for the refreshment of the Seamen and Souldiers, and having provided before small Bridges and other conveniencies for the Landing his Army, and his Carriages, he found

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him.

himself in a condition within three days to draw up and muster his Men, who had by this time heartily recovered the Fatigue of their Voyage. *Lycogenes* in the mean time though very much dejected, had taken care to levy a Gallant Army, and it was one while thought a very doubtful thing, to which, to ascribe the Victory. *Anaximander* had not brought with him above Fourteen Thousand Horse and Foot, but those indeed Experienc'd Veterans Bands, very Compleatly Arm'd; besides, *Lycogenes* before the Prince landed, had at least Thirty Thousand well appointed Souldiers, so that when he began to roughly to compute his own strength, and his Enemies weakness, he thought to take heart, and resolv'd for the greater Incouragement of his Men to appear at the head of them himself, and withal speed to give his Enemies Battle, and hinder their further Progress into the Country but alas, while he was flatter'd and amus'd with the strength and bravery of his own Army, *Anaximander* was mustering and entertaining the Choice Young Men of all the Western Country: for the People considering the Cause, and that their Liberties and Lives, were now their only last stake, they came flocking in so fast to the Prince, that he had in eight days more Substantial choice Men than he could handsomely make use of; besides, the Major part of *Lycogenes* his Army, being *Christians*, they could not but be sensible that those Swords that they should draw against their Brethren in the West, would in the long run be employ'd against their own Throats and Lives; and therefore, being already weary of submitting their Free-Born Souls to the Bondage and Tyranny of their Pagan Officers, they associate and take Council together how to free themselves and their Country, either, laying down their Arms, or going over to the Prince *Anaximander*, and now the fatal Period of *Lycogenes* his Reign drew near, for first whole Companies, Troops, and Regiments of his Army revolt from him,

When his Friends and Near Relations, touch'd with the
 sense of deeper obligations due to their Country, their
 Religion and their God : Thus the Trump being turned,
 the *Pagans* quickly find their disadvantage of the Game,
 and in Confusion, like distracted Men fling up their
 Cards, and scamper to secure themselves from payment.
Messalina also to her Sorrow sees what hitherto she ne-
 ver would believe; now *Pedro* finds the fallacy of his con-
 clusions, while *Polyorchetes*, *Sanderania*, and others of that
 wicked Crue curse their unlucky Stars, and seek in every
 corner for some place of refuge : Poor *Lycogenes* flies in
 confusion from his distant Foes, not able to endure even
 the report of their approach : He that like another
Xerxes saw himself begirt even with a world of Guards,
 now flies bereft almost of necessary Attendance : He no
 sooner arriv'd at his old Pallace of *Alba Regalis*, but in
 haste he calls a Secret and Solemn Council of all his few
 remaining Friends, and after such Debates as the time
 would afford and permit, they resolve to send proposals
 to the Prince, who like a Swelling Tide had now o're
 spread the Country ; and the danger being grown be-
 yond recovery, *Messalina*, at last thinks it high time to
 prepare for her retirement, and with all speed provide
 for her Security; the Young Child also by the advice of the
 Council was to be nicely taken care of, being likely to
 prove a very good after Game: The Queen therefore
 immediatly sends for the *Count* to a private Conference,
 who as greedily comes, in hopes to perswade her to a
 speedy Flight : Just as he approach'd the Closet Door,
 the Queen all in tears gets up, and not being able for a
 while to speak, leans on his Neck, and after many grow-
 ing Sobs and heavy Sighs, falls Fainting in his Arms :
 never was Lover in so sad distress as was the *Count* at this
 unhappy accident ; call out he dare not, for fear of any
 Suspicion or ill interpretation of his being with the Queen
 alone ; to go and leave her Dying as he thought, his

Soul could ne're agree to ; how to assist, what remedy to use, where to get any thing to apply he knew not. Distracted thus he Tore himself, and Rav'd, and Curs'd his misfortune, then would he kneel by the Couch where on he had laid her, and kiss, and sigh, and Pray, and call, till at last the Queen coming to her self open'd her dying Eyes, and casting a Languishing look at her Dear Count, who was now in a bitter Agony of Sorrow, and hardly able to support his oppressed Spirits, she rais'd her self a little on the Couch, and in a Sorrowful manner lifting up her Hands and Eyes, recounts a fresh the sum of her Misfortunes : All, all, is lost, Dear *Davila*, said she, my Hopes, my Peace, my Joy, my Glories, my All. And if I have ought left me worth the Thought of Life, it is that I enjoy thy Love. That Coronet's my own, though my Crown's lost. *Messalina* is now driven to the Far Period of her Grandure in *Albion*, a shock so dismal, that the Agonies of such a Fall, to such Soaring Ambition as *Messalina*'s, are only to be conceived by those that feel them. In her fit of Desperation (for 'twas almost come to that) she is Mrs. however of Reason enough still to provide at least against the Worst of shames, and Last of Miseries, her falling into her Enemies Hands, the *Christians*, a Danger at that Time much threatned ; the united Murmurs of *Albion* looking up to no other Fountain, and Original of the Woes and Calamities, of the Pittyed and Deplored *Lycogenes*, then the Hot Counsels, or rather Enchantments of *Messalina*, and her *Pagan* Abettors. And how heavy the weight of such an *Inquisition* would fall, even her Flatterers are but too sensible. Her Flight therefore, being now the last Plank she has to lay hold off to scape sinking, she prepares a small Diminutive Yacht, and hires (command she could not, so feeble is Sovereignty without Hearts) a handful of Select Seamen, all well bribed, and well sworn, privately, to waite her safe to *Gothland*, the only Sanctuary. (Such

Universal Enemies had her Politicks pull'd down) the
 World could yield her. Oh Zeal, Zeal, mad Zeal ! what
 Humane Distresses, Miseries, Ruines are Thine, and
 Thy only Creation ?--- Nay, is there scarce that one Con-
 flagration, that ever set whole Nations in a Flame, that
 has not been lighted by a Cole from an Altar ? Unfor-
 tunate *Messalina*, and deservedly so, the late Royal Part-
 ner, to no less than *Neptune's* Sovereign, the Oceans Lord,
 and the still Terror of the World, had not Zeal, Infatu-
 ating, Destroying, Dethroning Zeal, blazed out ; Poor
 misguided, deluded, hard-fated *Lycogenes* ! This very
Messalina, of all those Floating Castles, the late attend-
 ing Pageants of her Triumph, all those once Impreg-
 nable Famed Walls of *Albion* ; left Mistress of no more
 than a poor Cock-boat ! Instead of glittering Flaggs, and
 flowing Streamers, ushered by all the *Tritons* of the
Main, and as She past, Saluted by all the Ecchoing
 Thunder from the Shoar ; now to Steal away by Night,
 Skulk like a Fugitive, obscured by Shades and Coverts !
 Yes, Destiny and Zeal have so Decreed it ! For Sea
 therefore (such her Equipment, and such the hasten-
 ing Cause that call'd her) She prepares ; and takes with
 her, her *Tomazo*, *Sunderania*, Count *Davila*, *Sebastian*,
 and *Pedro*, and some others of her Cabinet Friends ;
 the last Three only being a little Transformed, by Dis-
 guises of Buff, Scarlet and Feather, metamorphos'd in-
 to down-right Militants : For indeed her Ecclesiastick
 Confidants, especially Father *Pedro*, were grown so no-
 toriously Infamous, that they durst not trust themselves
 in their own Shapes, even with Sworn Hirelings and
 Mercenaries ; not Gold it self being sufficient to pur-
 chase Trust or Safety. The Queen had but very little left,
 to save and carry with her, except her Jewels ; for truly
 in spite of all that good Husbandry, that eminent and
 singular good Quality in *Lycogenes* ; yet what with Stand-
 ing Armies, and no Taxes (for he neither lov'd or pleas'd

Senates enough, for any new Donations from them) and from the continual daily Dreine, he received from those innumerable Spiritual Horse-leeches, that hung upon his Purse-strings, his Exchequer was but low. *Messalina's* Jewels therefore, being all the Treasure she could save; those by Father *Pedro's* particular Advice, were committed to the Charge and Custody of an *Italian* Priest, recommended to her by him, as a Heavenly minded man, a Recluse from the World, and who as a Person under a Vow of Poverty, of a Character and Profession above any Temptation, was the only man she could best repose that Trust in. Thus Embarked, with their best Sails to their small Frigate; with a Fair Wind, and Prosperous Gale, they arrive at *Gothland*: for indeed the just Ordaining Powers, that had punisht her with the loss of a Crown, after so heavy a Wreck at Land, thought fit to bound their Indignation there.

From her Arrival in *Gothland*, the Scene begins a little to Change: For the *Pagans* there, with no small Homage and Adoration, resound her Welcome. The Entertainment she received, as peculiarly influenc'd by the Commands of *Polydorus*, was every where Splendid and Magnificent: I dare not call it his Bounry, or Generosity. For truly, all the utmost Services, Respect, Obligations, Protections, or Assistance; and indeed, all, and more then *Polydorus* has, or can do for *Lycogenes*, or *Messalina*, so near a part of him; are but poor and faint Returns, to compensate those Miseries and Sufferings, in which his own private Leagues and Cabals, and the too prevailing *Gallick* Counsels and Measures in *Albion*, have involved the ruined *Lycogenes*. With a Noble Train of Persons of the Highest Quality, and a Band of Guards, a truly Royal Retinue, is *Messalina* Conducted to the *Gothick* Court; whilst *Polydorus* himself, with that solemn State and Grandeur, comes to meet her, and

Congra-

Congratulate her Arrival; paying her all that Humble
 and Profound Respect, and Awful Attendance, as if she
 came not from Quitting, but to the Possessing of a Di-
 adem: So Pompous was her Entry, that scarce an An-
 tique Roman Triumph could exceed it. And indeed
 she came to Triumph, the very first Sally of her Eye,
 bringing her back no less a Trophy, than the Heart of
Polydorus. To give her her Right, even without Flattery;
 never was Conquest so Expeditious. No sooner was the
 very Lightning seen, but the Bolt had executed. So Daz-
 zling were her Charms, to the surpris'd *Polydorus*, that he
 truly dated his intire Vassallage, from the first Moment
 he saw her. His once Adored Dear Vestal Divinity, or
 his Haughtier *Montezania's* Charms, were nothing to the
 Influence of *Messalina*: so unaccountable is the Archery
 of the Blind God: For *Messalina* had been no Stranger
 to *Polydorus*: when before her Marriage with *Lycogenes*,
 in her Travel from her own *Italick* Dutchy, to the King-
 dom of *Albion*, she took the Court of *Polydorus* in her
 way; yet, then her Beauties, though in their Younger
 Bloom, could be beheld without half the present Fatality.
 For, whether his then Regnant Vestal Mrs. had so fill'd
 his Soul, as had left no Room for any other Guest, or for
 what Reason else; a common Veneration was all the Of-
 fering he made her then; when Sighing, Desiring,
 Languishing, Dying, whole Hecatombs are all too little
 Sacrifices now. In fine, so Capricious an Ascendant had
 his present Governing Planets, that that very *Polydorus*
 sated for the Dethroning of the Unfortunate *Lycogenes*;
 the same *Matchivilian* Part, before Practis'd against his
 Crown, must now be Acted against his Bed. For from
 this Hour, Friendship, Honour, Hospitality, (Obligations
 not the first time dispens'd withal by *Polydorus*) and all
 other ties quite cancell'd; the Possession of *Messalina*,
 though at the price of a Kingdom, is his whole and
 sole Ambition. For *Messalina* he Burns, and were her

Virtue a Rock of Ice, (which for ought he knows it may be); for though indeed he was no Stranger to all other her Intrigues and Affairs, however in her *Curtain Arcana*, her Amours, he was no Cabinet Counsellour) he resolves to melt it down; and that so far from a scruple at the Undertaking, that he should account it not only the sweetest, but the most glorious of all his Achievements. For setting all other Considerations apart, what *Polydorus* once but will'd, he could not will unjustly; his Ambition was Commission'd of his Conscience's High Chancellour, whilst to Desire was to Determine; and whatever but once Determined, took the immediate Stamp of Right and Equity to pass it into an irrevocable Decretal; insomuch that the very Dethroning of a God, if once thought practicable, to desire it was enough to render it justifiable.

As there wanted no Magnificence in all her Entertainment from her first Landing, even before the Captivity of the enamour'd *Polydorus*, you may imagine no excesses of the highest studied Gallantry were omitted now. The Adored *Messalina* is Lodged in a Pallace so Glorious, as might have fitted the Reception of a second *Cleopatra* in all her Pride; and which her *Anthony*, the then Competitor for Universal Empire, and in all that Love that lost him the World for her, could not have furnish'd out more rich and Splendid: Nor did the Brightness and Richness of her Pallace consist only in the outside Wealth and Beauty of her Shining Beds, Embroidered Canopys, the richest of Tapistries, Cabinets, Scrutores, &c. The unseen Treasures, outvy'd the glittering Frontispiece: In this Drawer of a Cabinet Forty, 'tother Fifty, a Third a Hundred Thousand Pieces of Gold; a Fourth, Lockers of Diamonds, a Fifth, Ropes of Pearl, &c. And all too mean a Tribute to his Sovereign *Messalina*. And truly

ly now we talk of, Pearl and Diamonds, her own Cargo of Jewels, committed to the true and trusty *Italian* Priest aforesaid, were under Suspicion of mis-carriage; both the Treasure and the Treasurer being at present Invisible: We dare not surmise so unkindly, that 'Avarice, or filthy Worldly Lucre, could prevail upon so Sanctify'd a Recluse from the World, under a particular Vow of Poverty; and above all, thought worthy (as we told you) of the peculiar recommendations of Father *Pedro*, could make *Him* tardy in such a Case. But whether, on the more charitable side, by some impulse of Religion he reserv'd them for Holy & Pious Uses; as to present them to the Shrine of the *Lorrettian* Diana, to implore from her Cœlestial Benediction, her *Albion Majesties* Conception of a Duke of *Eborac*, to her Prince of *Cambria*; or for any other like Dedication to Holy Mother Church, so it is, that he was no sooner gotten on Shoar, but modest good Man, he withdrew, and was never seen after it. And notwithstanding *Polydorus* publish'd an Edict, promising a very ample Reward to that Person that should find him, and recall the Wanderer: Either his Divine Contemplations, and sublimer Meditations, had rapt him above the listening to humane and mundane Proclamations; or else his Devout Pilgrimage had carry'd him beyond the hearing of them, so that his Recallment is utterly Despaired of; insomuch, that unless her *Albion Majesty* be content to take out their Price in *Dirges* for her Soul, 'tis thought for any other Restitution or Payment, she now hopes but little. *Polydorus* now begins his approach to *Messalina*, resolving an immediate vigorous Siege, with all the Forces he can bring to lye down before her: His dayly Visits, Observance, and constant Attendance, which at first carried onely the Face of common Gallantry,

and look'd upon by all Eyes as no other than the Generous Treatment of a Royal Hospitality to Greatness in Distress, and under his Protection ; are now both by his Looks, Behaviour, and Address, so Industriously managed, that *Messalina* (unless she wanted Eyes) must find that in the Assiduous *Polydorus*, there was something more then a kind Host, viz. an Adoring Slave.

The Queen now fully satisfied how great a Vassal her Eyes had won her, begins to consider the Wise Management of so Important a Conquest. *Polydorus's* Address and Personage, even abstracted from his Imperial Character, and the Luster of a Crown, were such as always stood fair in the Female Eyes, and render'd his Heart no dis-acceptable Present to the very Proudest and most Disdainful Beauty. And our *Messalina* who was neither the Coyest, or most Insensible of her Sex, already felt a Commiseration about her, that told her the Sighs of so Royal a Languisher must not go unpittied. Time, Assiduity, and Application, she plainly foresaw, would at last inevitably prevail ; and therefore fancying it no less then the Absolute Ordainment of her Fate, she has no farther Thought then an entire Resignation to Immutable Decree. However, though the Stake must at last be lost, yet the Playing her Game out Politickly, and managing her Cards to her best Advantage, are in her own Choice and Power. Yes, that, and that onely takes up all the business of her waking, and indeed sleeping Thoughts. The Terms and Conditions of a Surrender ; What Parly and Capitulations first ; what Resolution and Obstinacy (for the Victory must not be Cheap) she must hold out with, before the White Flag is at last to be hung out. Her Meditations on this subject had one Evening led her alone from all

Com-

Company into an Inner and Private Walk of the Garden ; When *Polydorus*, whose unresting Soul had led his Body abroad too with much the same Contemplations, fortunately meets her. This opportunity as it gave him the Blessing of a more Private Interview, then before he had met, so it inspired him with the Courage of making a more ample and particular Declaration of his Love, then all his hitherto fainter and distant Addresses had made. Accordingly throwing himself at her Feet, in the Tenderest and most Passionate Expressions (the never wanted Eloquence of Love) he told her how intirely the Soul of *Polydorus* was subjected to the Eyes of *Messalina* : Nor did he more heighten the Progress of her Victories, & Power of her Charms, then the Fatality of them; that without a Return of Pity his Death was Inevitable, whilst his Peace, Happiness and Life were absolutely in her Hands. The Queen, whose part was now to Play, with a seeming Amazement, rather than a listening Attention, gave him the Liberty of finishing his whole Declaration ; when as Wakeing from a Frightful Dream, or Starting from a disturbing Vision, Good Gods, she cry'd, *are not your Quivers Empty yet ? Have ye more Shafts reserved still for the unfortunate Messalina ? Is it not enough that your Persecuting Powers have Ravisht an Empire from me, and Driven me out an Exile, a Wanderer of the World ; but I must yet fall lower ; low as the most abject of my Sex, when my Chast Ears must be Profaned with the Rude Sounds of Lawless Love ; Oh ! Polydorus, Cruel Polydorus, has Misery and Ruine made the fallen Messalina so little, so despicably little — No, Glorious Madam, (Passionately reply'd Polydorus) so Great, so Divinely Great, that the Gods have singled you out to Weild their Thunder, whilst*

*there's not one Bolt of Heaven that Strikes with Fate
 but Messalina's. Ob! Madam, if ever Compassion,
 Mercy, Charity, Enter'd the fairest Temple that ever
 Lodg'd a God, have Pity on the Adoring, Kneeling,
 Dying Polydorus. My Life, — alas, my very Soul
 depends upon no other Doom but Messalina's ; for if
 the Deaf, the Cruel, the Inexorable Messalina must
 not, cannot, will not Pity me, to Die is but half the
 Tribute my Despair must pay her : The Transports of
 a Passion like mine are such, that when I lose all
 Hopes of one kind Smile from Messalina, she leaves
 me abandoned to that Wild Torrent of unbounded Hor-
 rours, that less then the Abjuring of Humanity, the
 Execrating of Providence, and Cursing the very
 Authour of my Being, will be the fatal Consequences of
 my irresistible Desperation ; a Desperation so hideous,
 that when I fall a Victim to her Scorn, will shut me
 out at once from Earth and Heaven. Messalina,
 not at all Displeased at so Passionate a Declaration,
 however to continue the Masque of a most Rigid and
 Obdurate Virtue, Reprimands him with all the Se-
 verest Resentments imaginable, desires him, nay,
 Conjures him for ever to Cease a Suit so Fruitless,
 and a Thought so Impious, a Language that her un-
 blemisht never shaken Virtue can so little hear, that
 rather then live within the Air of so much Guilt, her
 wounded Innocence must be forced to Fly a Cruel
 Court, and seek a Refuge in some kinder and more
 Hospitable Desert. Ah! Madam, reply'd Polydorus,
 Then you have Decreed Mankind must be undone!
 Shall Empires, Nations, People, have Peace, when I
 have none ! No Madam, 'tis resolv'd that Messalina
 Hate, Scorn, Loath the Unworthy Polydorus. Yes,
 his Destruction, his Irrevocable Destruction's Sealed ;
 and by the Malice of my Stars, the World shall Groan*

as I do. He was once more falling at her Feet, when a Princely Train of the Noblest Quality of the Gothland Court appearing in the Garden, interrupted him. He had scarce recovered Reason enough to suppress the too visible concern and disorder, that appeared in his Eyes, much less the Load that lay at his Heart, when one of his Generals Advancing from the rest of the Noble Company, threw himself at his Feet, telling him, *He was immediately in Obedience to his Royal Commands, setting forward to the General Rendezvous on the Banks of the Rhine, and came in Duty to Receive his farther Commission and Orders. Commission and Orders!* Answered Polydorus; *Why, Burn, Ravage, Ruine, Destroy; make Nations waste, and Kingdoms Desolate; spare neither Age nor Sex; but above all, where e'er thou meetest that loath'd detested Thing, that calls it self a Christian, double thy Fury there, Banish all thoughts of Pity or Remorse; be Bloody and be Canonized: Remember the Christian Pride is swell'd to Ulceration; and 'tis the Glory of our Sword to Lance it. And if thou meetest a Temple, lay the Accursed Consecrated Roof in Ashes; the God that fills it is my Enemy; and 'tis but Just my Vengeance Battail Heavens. If thou mak'st Treaties or Capitulations, my Orders are, you break 'em all. Betray and Conquer. Heav'n ne'er kept Faith with me, and 'tis but Reason, we the Vicegerents of the Gods should Copy their own everlasting Falsehood, and Reign Immortal Infidels like themselves. You have my Orders; to your Post; Obey and Prosper. The General, upon the Kings Command, makes his Humble Obeysance to the King, and Retreats, Ruminating with some little Surprise on the severity of his present rough Commission;*

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which

which however, on what unknown occasion that had transported him into such Vehemence and Bitterness in the expressing himself, he nevertheless knew to be the true and constant Sense of that Great Monarch ; and all his former Orders, though perhaps something gentler and softer worded, carried in reality the same Contents and Mandats ; and accordingly in all Duty prepares to Execute.

But to return to our *Polydorus*, whose Tormenting Reflections on the Cruelty of *Messalina* had, withdrawn him from all Company to his Closet ; In all the Agonies of defeated Love, he could not yet intirely yield to Despair : Were her Virtue a Rock of Adamant : Nay, were she possibly as Deaf, as Pitiless, and Remorseless to all his Bleeding Sighs, as himself to a Dying Christians last Prayer, he will not quit the Siege yet. Accordingly not a day, nor scarce an hour passes that he does not Visit, Court, Sue, Plead, and spight of all Denials, all her Pleas of Virtue and Chastity, that Mountain Honour shall not block his way. Sometimes he Woes her with the Promis'd Restauration of her *Albion*, the Re-inflating her in all her former Grandeur ; and if the Crown of *Albion* will not purchase a Smile, he'll throw his own in, to make up the Sum. In short, No Gallantry, Address ; no Protestations, Vows or Oaths, though ne'er so Extravagant, are wanting to pursue the Coy disdainful *Messalina* : till one Morning in her Walk in the same Garden, his successful Rhetorick prevails ; or rather *Messalina* thinks she has now held out long enough to yield with Honour : For after his Repeated Protestations of the Crowns and Scepters he would lay at her Feet, and the Vassal World he would make her Mistress of ; He told her, If *Messalina* would but Condescend to Crown his Love, he would pay his

Acknow-

Acknowledgment of so Divine a Blessing, with no less a Sacrifice than a hundred thousand Christian Lives. A hundred thousand Christian Lives ! my Generous Polydorus, reply'd Messalina. Such Merit, such Transcendent Merit ! An Offering of that price enough to Court a Saint, and Win a Goddess. Such Eloquence is irresistible ; nay , the name of such a Sacrifice so pleased her, that had the strongest Bonds of Conscience held her, that single Thought had burst the Feeble Manacle ; and the offering of so much Heretick streaming Blood , were such an Atonement, as would not only expiate but consecrate the very Sin it self. So pleased and so conquer'd, she generously tells the Ravish'd Polydorus , That she will expect him at Vesper-time, when she will send all her Retinue to the Mosque to their Devotion, and Attend his Company in her Closet.

Polydorus being now Arrived at the Haven, just upon entering to the Inland of Paradise ; the Hour, the Place, the Means and Opportunity all assigned for the Consummating of his Happiness ; and what heightned the Charm, his Divine Messalina her self the generous Designer of the whole Scene of Felicity ; the Plot, the Introduction and Conduct to this more than happy Meeting, so much her own, that possibly ; our Amorous Monarch could not conceive more Rapture at the Queens Concession of her Highest Favours themselves, then at the Endearing management of the blest Minute to bestow them ; even the Portal to Happiness being oftentimes with Lovers no less Ravishing, then the very Temple of Bliss, to which it leads. — In short, All things contributing to make him the Happiest Prince in the World ; whether a Soul, so unbounded, as that of Polydorus, whom the Empire of the Universe ('tis very well known) would

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hardly

hardly satisfy, had the Transports of his Passion, as exalted as those of his Ambition; and was thereby elevated above the Common Height of an ordinary Lovers Extasy; let it suffice, his Joy, his unexpressible Joy was such, as burnt in his Face, and glowed in his very Eyes; and the expected Enjoyment of *Messalina* was at that Moment a Trophy above all the Conquests that either his Sword, or his more Victorious GOLD ever won him. But to leave our Royal Lover to all his Furious Longings, Impatient Expectings, and Restless Burnings, those Amorous crowding Attendants, that always make the Leading Cavalcade to the Coronation of Love: My Reader must be intreated to interrupt his Expectation of the success of this Grand Scene of our two Imperial Inamorato's, by the interposing of a little Comical Intrigue of *Lactilla*, the *Cambrian* Princes Nurse; which, whether by a Frolick of Fortune, for some particular Diversion of that Fickle Deity, or by mere common chance, it matters not; casually intermixing it self in this Sublimar Amour, must make up a part of our History.

It is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderness our *Messalina* has all along express'd for that dear Infant. But indeed, 'twas the subtlest part she had to Play, and therefore it must be Acted to the Life. In the late Storm that drove her from the lost Kingdom of *Albion*, and cast her on the *Gallick* Shore, however that darling Infant, with all the Tenderest Care, was preserved from the Universal Shipwrack, and not only the honest Bric-kill Nurse that Suckled it, was carried over with the Queen, and her *Cambrian* Nursery; but also the very Warming-pan Midwife too, crost the Hering-pond with her Royal Mistress; and as some think very timely and prudently, for

fear of that Inquisition from the Grandees of *Albion*, had she ventured to have staid behind, that possibly would have put her to that Test her Circumstances would not well bear; though truly for a fairer Face to the World, 'twas Industriously given out, That her Majesty was with Child again, and therefore the Midwife's Attendance being her Majesties special Command, 'twas her Duty to wait on her Royal Mistress to what part of the World soever her Misfortunes should carry her.

The Amour of Messalina with Polydorus, &c. (since Lycogenes Retiring to Ibernia,) swelling so big, we are forced to make the Compleating of the History the Subject of a Fourth Part.

F I N I S.

Advertisement

TO this part is Prefixt a *Key*, which renders the History of the Four Parts, Intelligible to the meanest Capacity.

THE
AMOURS
OF THE
French King
WITH THE
late Queen of ALBION.
BEING
The Fourth and Last Part of the History of
Messalina.

By a Woman of QUALITY.

LONDON: Printed for *John Lyford*, 1689.

TO THE
READER.

THE Bookseller has been
Advifed to Add the fol-
lowing *Key*, for the benefit of
the meanest Capacity, in under-
ftanding the whole History of
Meffalina.

Albion, England. Belgick, Holland. Gotbland,
France. Iberia, Ireland. St. Jaques, St. James's
Alba Regalis, Whitehall. Forreft of St. Jaques, St.
James's Park. Pagan Temples, Mosques of Albion,
Temples of Diana; all fignifies Romifh Mafs-Houfes,
and Chappels. *Waters of Baijæ*, the Minerals of Bath,
Britomardes, C. II. *Lycogenes*, J. II. two Brothers.
late Kings of England. *Anaximander Prince of the*
Lowlands, The then Prince of Orange, our now
our Gracious Sovereign. *Artemifa*, the then Prin-
cefs of Orange, our now Gracious Sovereign Queen.
philidelpha

Philadelphia, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Denmark. *Polycrates*, the Northern Prince, His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark. *Messalina*, the late Queen. *The huge Prince in Italy*, the late Duke of Modena. *Bonerges the High Priest*, the Pope. *Pagan*, Papist. *Count Davila, Dada*, the Popes late Nuncio at the Court of England. *Father Pedro*, the Jesuit Peters. *Latroon*, Tyrconnel, the Rebbel Deputy of Ireland. *Aspasia*, the Deputies Wife. *Marchioness de Tomazo* a great Friend of Don Tomazo *alias*, Tom Dangerfield *Young Sanctifore*, a Baron of Rome, and Gallant of Messalina before she came for England. *Father Sebastian*, A. B. Ellis, Titular A. B. of York. *Madam de Elvira*, An Italian Jilt, one concern'd in the Warming-pan Intrigue. *Cleone*, a Doxie of Tyrconnels. *Madam Wilks*, The Queens doughty Midwife. *The Water of St. Winifred*, A Spring in Wales. *Lady of Lorretto*, The Popish term for the Virgin Mary. *Traynovant*, London.

The Fourth Part.

IT is not unknown to the World what Artful Tenderness our dear *Messalina*, all along has exprest for her *Cambrion Prince*, that she carried over not only the honest Brick-Kiln Nurse that Suckled it, But also the *Warming-pan* Midwife to Cross the Herring-pond with her Royal Mistress, and as some think very timely and prudently, for

fear

neral Admirer of every new Face, without any great Sin of Constancy to answer for : This *Laforse* paying his Devoire to the *Cambrian* Prince, entertained a strong Inclination to his Nurse. What he saw in her more then a good wholesome Complexion, and a plain-spun Cleanly Woman, we can't imagine; but take her altogether, as the maggot bit with him, nothing would satisfy him but an Amour with *Lactilla*. Her downright Country Innocence even to Clownishness and Rusticity, had something in it, that at this time Captivated him more then all the Allurements of Wit, Humour, Gayety, High Blood, and Higher Pride. None of all the Court Stars, in all their Glory, at present took up so much of his Thoughts as Madam Nurse. *Lactilla* he fancies for a Miss, and *Lactilla's* Affection he must Vanquish if he can. Accordingly our Lordly Lover under pretence of making Court to the *Cambrian* Prince, takes the dayly opportunity of Addressing a Kind Look, and Kinder Complement to *Lactilla*; which he carefully prosecutes with that particular Assiduity and Application, as would best suite the Humour and Breeding of such a Mistress. The poor Nurse whether daz'd with the Presence, the Looks and Garb of so Glorious a Servant; or confounded with so fine Words from so fine a Person, began at last not only to listen, but to be pleased and tickled with so Gallant a Suitor. It is not worth our while to recount the several Courtship Scenes between them; to draw therefore to the Consummating part of the Amour, it fell out so, that what through the Importunities of the Assayling Monseigneur, together with poor *Lactilla's* being several Months tyed up from all Recreations of that kind, (a shackle for some Physical Reasons always laid upon Milch Nurses to Heirs of Quality;) which possibly might

might heighten her Longing for what she had so long been kept Fasting from, and so facilitate his Conquest upon her ; however so 'twas, that the Creature came to yield at last. And by an odd Caprice of Fortune, it happened that *Lactilla* was brought to the delivering up of her Fort, the very same day her Royal Mistress had Capitulated and Sign'd the Surrender of hers. For the Fortunate Lover for his last Effort, lighting of a lucky Hour, when the Queen and all her Attendants, for the curiosity of seeing ten new Rais'd Regiments of Light-Horse pass under her Palace Window, in their March towards the *Rhine*, were withdrawn into the Balcone of an outer Room ; had the satisfaction of finding his Dear *Lactilla* with her little Nursery all alone. To improve therefore so kind a Minute to the best advantage, throwing his Arms about her Neck, and Assaulting her Lips (for those outworks he had long since won) with a whole Volley of Kisses ; at last he cryed, *Oh my Dear, dear Sweet Rogue, are these empty Embraces, these half-Joys all I must expect ? When, Dear Lactilla, Oh when, will that Best, happy, Ravishing Minute come ?* Poor *Lactilla* Interrupting him, Replyed, *Nay, fye my Lord ; a Man of your great Quality throw away your Thoughts upon so poor a Creature as I am ; If you would talk like your self, methinks you Lordfolks should make your fine Speeches to none but Kings and Queens ; if you have a mind then to show your great Breeding, you would do well to make your High Compliments to that little pretty young King in the Cradle there.* No my Dear *Lactilla*, Replyed *Laforse*, *I have other better work to do at this time ; 'tis time enough to make fine Speeches to that little young King, as you call him, 20 years hence. Twenty years, quotha,* [Answers *Lactilla*] *By my troth, my Lord, no lon-*

ger ago then we were last in Albion, as young as he is, and as many years as he wants, we have had Your outlandish great Lords and Bassadours have made many a Scholarly Speech, and a great many fine Compliments to him too ; But above all, I shall never forget the Bassadour of Catalonia : that great tall Man, with a rueful dun Face, and a swinging pair of black Whiskers, no sooner came to receive Audience of my little Master here, but the poor Baby fell a Roaring at him, and would not endure the sight of him. On my Conscience, my Lord, the poor Lamb was as much frighted, as ever his Father was at S——Bury ; and upon my Womanhood I believe it, haa it been able, would have run away as fast too : I vow and swear my Lord, 'twas so terribly scared at him, that I profess I could scarce get it sweet again in an hour after. The Lord could not forbear Smiling at this Innocent Relation ; which downright Language of *Lactilla's*, as a Novel Charm to him, was one of the greatest Whets to his Inclination for her. But as Talking was not his present business, he pusht on the matter a little more Vigorously, and told her a meeting she must and should give him, that should more completely Bless him, then all the fainter Favours she had already bestowed upon him. The poor Nurse, after a great many other urging, and at last prevailing Arguments, could resist no longer ; and truly at last told him, That if he had any thing more to say to her, the only time she had to give him the hearing with Convenience, was at Vesper time ; for, says she, the Queen and her Attendants are all then so devout, (though truly I know not how it comes about that they are so over and above Religious here, then they used to be in Albion, unless Misfortune and Miseries make Folk Pious) that they never miss Prayers ; and be-
cause

cause I, and only I am one of those *Paw Things* they call *Hereticks*, my little Master, and my self, excepting some Guards in the outer Rooms, are always left alone; and if your Lordships Intentions are Honest and Virtuous (as I trust in Heaven, they are,) if you have any thing more to talk to me, you may come then and welcome. The Happy Monseigneur, at this generous and cunning Assignment, made by his kind *Lactilla*, (for she never wants *Womans Wit* even in Simplicity it self on such an occasion) felt a Delight Answerable to the satisfaction so acceptable a Minute would give him, and resolving to Return at the appointed Hour with that desired Honesty and Virtue as should be best agreeable to her, leaves his farewell in a Kiss, and Whispers in her Ear, that she should find him a Man of Honour; and so Retires, and falls in with the Ladies in the Balcone. The poor Nurse waiting for the Vespers, (which indeed was the first time that ever she had a kindness for the Pagan Worship before) found her Expectation a little baulkt, when the Queen pretending Indisposition refused to go to Prayers; at which the Ladies likewise in Complaisance to her Majesty resolved not to go neither, but stay and pay their Attendance to the Queen; which the Queen absolutely forbid, Commanding them all to go to Prayers, and leave her onely to her Nurse till their Return. The Ladies accordingly Retiring; at their Departure, the Queen instead of Staying in the Bed-Chamber with the Child and Nurse, bid *Lactilla* have a Care of the Prince, for she had occasions to Retire into her Closet, where she would not be disturb'd. This gave *Lactilla* some little hopes again; for the Closet being on the farther side of a large Room of State lying beyond the Bed-Chamber, she fancied

her dear Lord might gain Access without any Baulk, at that Distance and Retirement, from any thing of the Queens Interruption of them. No sooner was the Queen got into the Closet, but *Count Davilah*, having received a Packet from *Albion* just at the Chappel Door, defers his Devotion, and finding matter of Importance in it, together with an inclosed Packet for *Messalina*, with Commands of a Delivery at sight, and with Orders of Immediate Communication with the Queen, about Affairs that required a speedy Result; the *Count* in pursuance of his Orders received, hastes instantly to the Queen, and delivering her her Packet, together with the Instructions contain'd in his own, requests her speedy Conference. The Queen was much surprized at his Approach, and in no small *Dilemma*, for if she dismiss him without Reading her Packet, and Confering with him as desired by the King her Husband, she should be Guilty of a Fault highly against the Character of that Respect and Duty she ever paid him, and which in his present Circumstances would be an unpardonable neglect; and if on the other side she stay'd in her Closet or Chamber to Read her Letters, and Debate their Contents, she was Jealous that the appointed Visit of *Polydorus* at so unseasonable an Hour as the Queens known Retirement, would give matter of Suspicion to the *Count*; and which besides her unwillingness to disgust a Person whom she was not yet prepared to disoblige and quite break with, might thereby raise some Blemish upon her Reputation. Between these two Considerations, with a suddain Presence of Mind, she thought of this Expedient, which was to Invite the *Count* down into the Garden, and there Dispatch the Conference: whereupon she desired him to Walk down with her; and as she pass'd by the Bed Chamber,

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she told the Nurse whither and with whom she was going, and bid her expect her Return immediately. By this Projection she thought *Polydorus* coming in her absence according to appointment, and not finding her within, would undoubtedly ask the Nurse for her, and thereby informed, be Invited to stay, and Attend her Return.

At the Queens Departure it was just drawing towards the Evening, being a little past Sun-set : And *Lactilla* extraordinarily pleased to think she should have the whole Lodgings free, and by that means, if her Lord kept Touch, enjoy all the Privacy and Freedom her Heart could wish ; being truly in her Nature a little more fearful, and something bashfuller in an Amourous Transgression, then the Fairer Court Sinners generally more harden'd, and more Couragious at a Love Adventure, had already drawn all the very Window Curtains of the Bed-Chamber close, to be as much Retired as possibly she could. — Just as the Queen was got down the Back-Stairs, Enters the King by the other Stairs, and immediately with all the haste of an Invited Lover makes to the Closet ; but finding the Queen not there, and imagining she might be in the Bed-Chamber Trips as Nimbly thither. The Nurse hearing some body Walk cross the Room of State, with that eager pace that spoke him a Lover, as she thought by his Tread ; and not doubting any other, but that her Dear Lord was come ; in a kind of a Panick Fear, sitting Perdue upon the Bed behind the Curtains, and almost Trembling to consider what she was going to do, not daring as she thought to Expose her Blushes to the Light, (being the first time of her offending in that kind) out of pure Modesty puts out the Candle. The King just upon his Entrance into the Bed-Chamber, fancying nothing else

but Love cou'd put out the Light, that it's own might blaze the bolder, and consequently the Golden Minute was now his own, makes his Instant Approach to the Bed, and Grasping in his Arms his yeilding though mistaken Sacrifice, and breaking out into a Rapture of — *My Life, my Soul, my Heaven, my Eternity,* with Two or Three more such Pious and high flown Ejaculations, the usual Devotion of Lovers, (those few short Preliminaries (to say Truth) being as much as the little Patience of much Love cou'd dispense with) without staying for one Syllable of Reply from his Twining Mistress, for indeed her Elevated Thoughts were too full for her Tongue to get Vent; besides she had her Mouth so sweetly stopt, that she wanted Power as well as Leisure for talking; *Polydorus* without farther Ceremony immediately Rushes into her Bosom, Launches into a Torrent of Bliss, and Ricks and Revels in unutterable Delight; for *Messalina*, his Angel *Messalina*, fill'd both his Arms and his Soul; so Potent is Imagination, that Deity-like, what she Enjoys she Creates. The Ravishing Dalliance ended, with no Love lost on either side: For *Monseigneur* was as Divinely Charming to the Ravish'd *Lactilla*, as *Messalina* could be to *Polydorus*, and the very Grandeur of a Lord in her Arms, (though otherwise perhaps no heartier a Performer then her own honest Lime-Pit Clod-Pate Drudge in *Albion*,) had so much outvyed the poorer satisfaction of her Man of Clay and Sea-Cole, her Spouse at home; that in pure Gratitude for the Honour as well as the Pleasure she had received, having not only recovered both breath and leisure for a kind word or two of her own. but also gotten a little more Assurance then before (for Love soon makes Equality) she turn'd to her Panting, as she thought *Laforse*, and throwing her Arms

about

about his Neck, thinking it her turn to talk a little Amorously now; *Well my dear Laforse* (says she) *I hope you have no reason now, to think your poor Lactilla so hard-hearted as you have sometimes told her she was, for if such Love as mine —* Lactilla! — cries *Polydorus*, starting up from the Bed, in a surprise so killing, that not the Ghosts and Spectres of all the Christian Victims his own Edicts had ever doom'd, or his Booted Disciples executed; nay, nor all his broken Leagues turn'd Goblins, could have Stagger'd him more. At first, in the height of Agony and Bitterness of Soul, he thought 'twas a Trick of *Messalina's*; that his high-flown Ambition of attempting the Queen of *Albion's* Vertue, had put her Pride and Scorn upon this Stratagem of punishing his Audacious Love by so contemptible and despicable a Creature Foyster'd upon him: Such Dirt and Rubbish in the Arms of *Polydorus*! The Transport of that thought, and his enraged Sentiments of so unpardonable an Affront, could hardly withhold him from drawing his Sword and Executing his Fury; (though never so unmanly,) on the Heart of that Sordid Engine and Tool, in this Insolent manner made use of, to abuse him. But these suggestions were soon suppress'd by some kinder thoughts of *Messalina*, it being impossible, as he thought, for so Excellent a Creature to be so great a Jilt, or rather greater Devil, as this piece of Imposture must render her. Besides, were she all the Furies and Feinds of her whole Sex put together, yet, as a Woman of Imperial Quality, her very Character, if nothing else, would never suffer her to make choice of this, of all the Revenges in the World, (if any such she had against him.) For whatever Stratagems a Great Woman might make use of to Gratifie her Spleen, Spight,

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Malice, Hate, or any other Passion; she would never turn Bawd for any of them. That part of his Fear upon these Recollections being pretty well clear'd up, he resolv'd however to satisfy himself by some Interrogatories to *Laßilla* (as much as he could make without discovery of his Person,) what Sorcery, Enchantment, or Malicious Devil of Fortune had Snared him into so poor a Noose as the Arms of *Laßilla*; and Thought that so much Disgusted his Haughty Pride, that he would not, for half the Price of a Kingdom, be made so much the Jest of the World. as so Humble and Courte a Love Adventure, (he fancied) if it should take Air, would render him; more especially if it should get to the Ear of *Messalina*; for his meer indignation could never digest so shameful a Reproach, that his Imperial Caresses (though never so innocently) should be Debased to so Sordid an Embrace. And therefore, if for no other Reason, from Her above the rest of the World he must endeavour to stifle the Discovery of this Accursed Accident: Turning then to *Laßilla*, (who still lay upon the Bed in no small Surprize, and as you may imagine, in no less trouble at her Dear Lords so abrupt and unkind Start from her Arms.) Well, Dear *Laßilla*, says *Phidarus*, I hope the Queen has no Suspicion of our kindness — The Queen! suddenly reply'd *Laßilla*, Good Heaven forbid! should my Lady *Messalina* know what I have been doing, the more Naughty Man you — But what do you fear? Who, I, her Nurse, and let the Queen know I Lay with a Man, and Spoil'd the Princes Milk! Not for a Thousand Pound! To be Burnt for Heresie, or Hang'd for High Treason against that little Princely Babe, would be the least I must look for in this Pagan Land. No, my Dear Lord, we poor Countrey Folks are not so dull neither;

how simple soever we may be in other matters, we have
 always Wit enough in our Loves: and if my Dear Lord
 can be kind to so Worthless a Thing as I am; never
 our Queens nor Emperesses discovering of us: let me
 alone to take care of that. This Innocent Answer of
 Laßilla's, (excepting the Resentments of so Nause-
 ous a mistake, and so unhappy a disappointment,
 which he could not yet so easily, Conquer) satisfied
 all the rest of Polydorus disquiets; for now he plainly
 found, that the Nurles mistaking him for the Lord
 Laforse, had not onely dispel'd all his first ungenerous
 Suspitions of Messalina, (a Thought, which how
 Momentary soever it lasted, he could now hardly for-
 give himself for) by convincing him, that not only
 Fortune was the true and only Iilt that had put this
 Trick upon him; but also by Vertue of his still passing
 for the supposed Laforse, together with the Favour
 of the Dark, he had now an opportunity of Marching
 off utterly undiscovered, and defying the utmost
 Malice of his Stars themselves to expose his shame.
 Without any stay therefore, or any other parting
 Compliment, then Adieu Dear Laßilla, I'll see thee
 again very speedily, he Starts out of the Chamber,
 and clapping the Door after him, lest any of the
 Lights in the Room of State should give her so much
 as a glimpse of his Back-side, he bolts down the Back-
 Stairs with all the Expedition he could make. He
 was not gotten three paces below the Foot of the
 Stairs, but Messalina crossing a Walk in the Garden
 port just upon him, who by this time having adjusted
 matters, and dispatcht the Count, was indeed with no
 less haste Returning to her Closet in Expectance of Po-
 lydorus, whose Expectation by this time she might pos-
 sibly have over heighten'd; if not a little, tryed Pa-
 tience. But meeting him moving off in such haste.

My Lord the King, why so fast? I hope the Face of Messalina has nothing so Terrible in it, as to frighten you. The King, between Surprize and Confusion, (occasion'd by the sight of Messalina, and the fresh Remembrance of his unfortunate Adventure with the Nurse, his own Consciousness of which, though unknown to the World beside, made him Redden with a Blush almost Scarlet deep, though the growing Night partly conceal'd the discovery of it;) what through the suddenness of this Encounter, and the perplexity of his Thoughts, being not well provided with words to Answer her, was studying for a Reply, when the Queen continued; Well, Polydorus, I suppose you found but dull Entertainment above, by your haste in running away; though if the Expectation of my Company had been worthy of one Minutes longer Dispensation, and your patience not quite Exhausted; I had return'd to tell you, that the Receipt of an Express from Lycogenes, brought me by Count Davilah, drew me some Minutes into the Garden. The Contents of which requiring some short Conference between us, I took him down thither for it, lest your expected Visit at that time, to a prying Eye, or a censuring Thought, might have afforded matter of Surmise to my disadvantage. But that fear is now past, for I have given him such a Dispatch as may assure Polydorus, that Messalina cannot be guilty of forgetfulness — This obliging Language of the Queen, as it could not but infinitely Charm the Amorous Polydorus, so it could not but as much distract him too. For to tell her, he had been in her Apartment, and stay'd there for her not full a Quarter of an hour, (for indeed his whole Ingress, Egress and Regress from Laßilla, was an Execution of no more Minutes dispatch,) and that truly (let him

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mince it in as fine words as he pleas'd) he had not
 patience to wait longer, though for so Divine a Bless-
 ing as the Possessing of *Messalina*, would be an ex-
 cuse impardonable. And on the other side, to own
 the Truth of his Adventure, that frightened him
 thence; that Thought was all Death and Hell, and
 not Wild Horses could draw him to so shameful a
 Confession. In this distraction of Thought, it came
 at last into his Head, to tell her, That if her surpriz-
 ing Absence at so blest an hour, and after so Solemn
 and Generous an Engagement, that had so intirely
 fill'd his Heart, and taken up every Faculty of his Soul,
 might run him into any Impatiences or Extravagances
 worthy a Rebuke, as his not waiting longer for her
 Return, and his over-zealous coming down in Quest
 after her, might be; however, he hoped she would
 excuse all Effects, how blameable soever, that had no
 other than the Transport of her Charms, and his own
 Passion for their Cause. The Queen made him an
 obliging Answer, and told him, She was very well
 satisfied, the Fault, that was, being of her own side.
 But since interposing Business had made her lapse some
 Minutes in her Promise, however, she would make Re-
 paration for it, and if he pleased to Return with her,
 as she had Expedited her Husbands Express, she was
 now at leisure to listen to any Expresses of Polydorus,
 and as ready to Dispatch them. At which, giving her
 Hand to Polydorus, which he received with a pro-
 found Reverence, they Returned back again, the
 King only Murmuring all the way to himself, to
 think what good substantial Love he had lately Pro-
 digally Lavisht, or rather thrown away; and which
 in his present Payment might be something wanted
 to make up his Sum. But above all it grated his
 very Soul to think, that so Abject a Creature as

Laetitia had Ravisht so considerable a part of what was so entirely due alone to the Divinity of *Messalina*. Nay, and what's worse, had got the first start too in Love, inasmuch, that he must be forced to come all Sullyed and Defiled, (for a less Taint he could not fancy it) to such Celestial Embraces. But to bring our Lovers to the Closet ; the Door Shut ; and the Queen thrown upon her Couch, and *Polydorus* by her side ; she cast those Languishing Dying Looks upon him enough to Thaw a Stoick, and Fire an Anchorite. The King who needed no Invitation, but a'ready Melted into Kissing, Toying, Dallying, Embracing , Twining, all those Outworks of Felicity, the Supreme Beatitude onely unpossess'd ; Nay, and even That too just entring, and on the very Brink of Paradise ; Oh ! too imbecile to grasp at so Divine a Treasure, though admitted even into all the whole fragrant Ravishing Bed of Sweets ; Alas, he wanted strength to Crop the Flower. -- At this accursed Damn'd Defeat (no Name too black, nor Thought too hideous for it) poor *Polydorus* fell down by her side upon the Couch so Abasht, and so Confounded, that he could have wisht all the Graves, that his own Sword e're Digg'd, to Swallow him ; or some kind Mountain, high as the Cryes, if possible, of all his own Martyr'd Christians Blood, to cover his shame.

The Queen her self no less Defeated, though not so much Abasht, (for in such Cases the Failure is never in their Sex) perceiving his Confusion, threw her Arms about his Neck, and laid her Cheek so close to his, as if she had resolved to shew, that she either did not, or would not see his Disorder ; a Behaviour, which carryed not only Endearment in it but Policy too. For to triumph over Weakness, and jockey or cajole an unperforming Lover, as some foolish resenting Beauties

Beauties in such disappointments have done, has sometimes been too well known, to their own loss, to have given that intire Check even to much younger and abler Nerves, than *Polydorus*, as has Invalidated a whole Assignment : Whereas, on the contrary, an Unconcern or Endearing Connivance at Frailty, has encouraged the Retreating Unsucceeding Assailant, to Rally again, come on, new Storm, and Conquer. *Polydorus* in all this staggering Shock, excepting some Restless Starts and Flings, and now and then a Murmuring rougher sort of Breathing betwixt a Sigh and a Groan, that spoke better for him, uttered not one Syllable ; his Rage being too big for Words, and his Shame, alas, too Odious to be Palliated with Eloquence, had he Recollection or Sense enough about him to study for any. *Messalina* all this while, as a Cordial against a Pang so violent, generously plyed him with all the healing Balm that her kindest Kisses, Tying, Caresses, and Embraces, could give him : till *Polydorus* at length so sweeten'd, new warm'd, and enlivened again, by such Languishing, Melting, but above all (her brightest Attribute) such Forgiving Divinity, began to feel new Animating Fires ; and to Retrieve his Honour, with all the Prowess of a Recovered Champion, he Renews the Assault once more. But the second success too like the first ; a meer thin Airy Flash and ineffectual Fire. — At this last Defeat he could hold no longer, but started from the Couch, and flew into that Storm and Rage, Madness and half Desperation, that no Execrations against himself, or Invocations against Heaven and Earth were too terrible for him : till the Queen Interposing — *Eye, Eye, my Lord, why all this Rage, this most Unmanly Rage ! Why do you thus unkindly play your own Tormenter ? Can Polydorus*

Execute before I Sentence? The Punishment's Unjust
 that comes before the Sin: and I know none —
 No Sin! Not *Polydorus* sinn'd against his *Messalina*!
 [Interrupting her.] Oh Injur'd Madam, Your Di-
 vine Innocence knows not the Weight of my Accur-
 ed Guilt, a Load would sink a World. Oh that Vile,
 Black, Infernal, Damn'd — [Casting a Furious Eye
 towards the Bed-Chamber] and then turning towards
 the Queen.] *Beast, Monster, Traytor as I am —*
The Queen [stopping him.] Nay, no more my Lord,
Wrong not your self with these unjust Reproaches;
what you would call your Crime, perhaps I've reason
to esteem your Glory; perhaps you Love me too well,
and that has been the cause. Desire sometimes has been
foil'd even by Desire; and Loving bank'd by Love.
Alas, my Lord, there are Heavens even above Hea-
ven, and it may be your Extasie has rapt you above
your Paradise. And to recall your Peace, I am con-
tent to be so Vain, to think my Charms have had this
*Power. Oh Royal Excellence (replied *Polydorus*)*
[Astonish'd at so Amazing a Kindness.] You are
Divinely good, that to lay hold of such Transcendent
Grace to save me, without Desert, would but double
my Damnation. At which he began to launch out
into such bitter Reviling and Railing against him-
self, that the Queen not knowing their true Cause,
began to think of a new Style to recover his Reason,
and therefore was resolv'd to Rally him into his right
Wits again. Well Sir, If this won't satisfy you, per-
haps I have a new Discovery will answer all. I have
either Heard or Read somewhere (no matter which)
[Smilingly] of Enchantments used in this case. 'Tis
not the first time, that Malice, and the Malice of a
Woman too (for such they say there are in the World)
has made use of Spells to defeat the Expectation

of Lovers; and the tying of a Magical Knot (as some
 such practice, you know not, may have been used upon
 you) and the *Witchcraft* of an Ill-Tongue have some-
 times had that strange Power. Bewitcht by an Ill-
 Tongue, Madam! (replied *Polydorus*) Oh Madam!
 [*Sighing*] There went more then all Ill-Tongues (Con-
 found the Enchantess) to the Bewitching of me. Ty-
 ing of Knots too say you? A Plague of the Knots I
 Be! Oh that Sprightful, Confounded Witch, Hag,
 Forceress, Beast, Bawd, Strumpet——[he had almost
 said *Laßilla*] Beast, Bawd, Strumpst! When *Messa-*
lina Interrupting him, What Beast, Bawd? Fortune
 Madam, Fortune, (Recollecting himself) that Jilt,
 that Cheat, that Harlot, that Impudent Harlot, For-
 tune, the spite of my Stars, and the Malice of the
 Gods, that enjoyd my Immortal Happiness, and in
 downright Gall, rank Gall, Hemlock, Wormwood,
 Poison, have ransackt Hell, and Muster'd all the Imps
 of *Lucifer* to rob me of my Bliss.

The Harange had went on, had not *Fornacos* Ap-
 proach, a nimble Forerunner before the rest of the
 Zealots returned from their Devotion, giving them
 warning to retreat from the Closet,
 and the King to prepare himself for
 the appearance of a more indiffe-
 rent Visitor, which with much ado
 he endeavour'd; though the con-
 cernment in his Face was not easily
 matterable. The Court beginning to fill soon after,
Messalina produced, and Read her Expresses, im-
 porting the Landing of her *Lycogenes* in one of the
 Ports of *Gothland*, a piece of News not ungrateful to
 the whole Company, since it brought them the Ex-
 pectation of the speedy Honour of so Royal a Guest
 in the *Gallick* Court, and which indeed had been the

*A necessary
 precaution often
 wanted by Mes-
 salina.*

Subject of no Common saying, had not the fatal Cause that lent them that Honour much rebated the Delight. The Queen told them further, *That she had before communicated the Contents to Polydorus, which indeed she was obliged to him for his pleasure to sit.* Yes Madam, readily answered Polydorus, *I come to obey your Commands, and the Care and Application I shall make for a Reception suitable to the Majesty of Albion, shall Convince the World that the Bonds they have tied the Hearts of Lycogenes and Polydorus are Eternal.*

Some Days after *Lycogenes* arrives, neither unlooked for, neither welcome ; for they knew he came to them like a Gamester at an Ordinary, that had lost all his Money, and came for a new Recruit. By my Soul, our *Lycogenes*, I have had ill Luck ; but I'll Play t'other Game for't. 'Tis ill venturing upon a Loosers Hand quoth *Polydorus*. Sir, quoth *Lycogenes*, Lend me but t'other Threescore Thousand Pounds and you shall have all *Ireland* for it. Sir, said he then proceeding, Remember the Proverb, *He that wins in England means to win, with Ireland must begin.* That is a Proverb I have often heard, quoth *Polydorus* but if I Lend you this Threescore Thousand Pounds I'll have all *Ireland* to my self, I'll send Officers of my own to take Charge of all the Employments in that Kingdom ; you shall have nothing to do there. Not I by my Soul, quoth *Lycogenes*, I will have nothing to do there ; I'll only be your Deputy there. I'll receive the Sword from *Tyrconnel* in your Name and Execue your Commands by your Authority.

These Conditions being Sign'd and Sealed between *Polydorus* and *Lycogenes*, Men and Money were provided with all the speed imaginable. For *Messaline* was soon weary of his Cold Embraces ; having by this

this time a fair Cover for whatever should after happen, should she really chance to be Impregnated. And therefore being present at the Colloque between her Husband *Lycogenes* and her Champion *Polydorus*. She at the same time tipt the wink upon *Polydorus*, and pointed to the middle of her Blacket; which so inflam'd *Polydorus*, that he was as ready to Condescend to *Lycogenes*, as *Lycogenes* was to Demand of him.

During these Transactions of a higher Nature, and deep Intrigue between the two Monarchs and the Monarchess. *La Force* plyd his business with *Lactilla*. 'Tis true *La Force* had brought her to his Bow, but the Consummation of Pleasure being interrupted, as you have already heard; that interruption brought *Lactilla* to bethink her self. For, not to conceal the Truth, *Lactilla*, honest *Lactilla*, Nurse in Ordinary to the *Gallick* Prince, she from whom the Sovereign Swayer of the *British* Scepter was to tick his Masculine Inclinations, had been dabling already. Which made her out of a Scruple of Conscience begin to contrive, which way she should put off *La Force*. For, Lord quoth she, must I Adulterate the Milk that Suckles the Monarch of Three Kingdoms. So that when *La Force* came to Reiterate his Addresses to her, she dealt with him like a plain good honest Country Nurse, and told him, that she had placed her Affections before upon a certain Souldier in the Life-Guard of *Lycogenes* (for those sort of Cattel will be always endeavouring to get between the Thighs of your Court Lawndry-Women and Nurses, to Eek out their Preferment) who had overcome her; and that by him she was Young with Child: And truly her Pains were so extraordinary, that being afraid something more then ordina-

ry would come of it, she was resolv'd to prepare her self for Repentance. *La Force* who had an Eye that could pierce through a Mill-stone, presently apprehended what *Lactilla* would beat, which was enhancing the Price ; and therefore pretending to be a Doctor ; Oh Madam quoth he, I understand the reason of your extraordinary Pains : The Gentleman who the last time had your last Favours, left his work unfinish'd ; so that what you carry in the Womb, must want either an Arm, or a Leg, or a Thigh ; and then if it come forth so imperfect, it will be the cause of great Trouble and Affliction to you. But for that, be of good Comfort, give but me the liberty, and I will make all things well and perfect, and your Travel shall be as Easie as the flipping of a Cherry-Stone from between your Thutub and Fore-finger. *La Force* made this so demonstrable by Dent of Argument to *Lactilla*, that for future Convenience-sake she condescended to whatever he could desire.

While *Laforce* lay thus at Rack and Manger with his dear *Lactilla*, *Polydorus* chaffing for his last misfortune, long'd for a second Tryal of his Abilities. But the presence of *Lycogenes* was a new rub in his way. 'Twas therefore thought convenient to march him off with all the speed that possible might be ; nor was *Messalina* less desirous to be rid of him, as one whose Reign over her Affections was now as much at an end, as his Reign over the hearts of his People. *Polydorus* therefore sends for *Lycogenes*, and having agreed upon Conditions, hastens him away into *Hibernia*, with permission to retain the Title of *Lycogenes* the Second King of *Hibernia*, but to deliver the real Possession of the Kingdom to *Polydorus*, and the Command of all his Souldiers and Forces to such Officers and Commanders,

manders, as he had order'd to accompany him.

So soon as *Lycogenes* was departed, *Polydorus* prosecutes his Amour with great heat; nor was *Messalina* who had already surrender'd up her Fort, less diligent to afford *Polydorus* all the Opportunities that could be with Circumspection and Caution omitted: She was mainly desirous of a Prince to be Born of her Body; by which means she might bequeath perpetual vexation to the Christians: And to that purpose she thought that now she had both change of Air and variety of Persons, she could not fail; and as for the Legality of it, she never minded that, since she could have Absolution when she pleased.

Polydorus therefore therefore sends her an Invitation to his Country Palace of *Versellais*, and appoints her an Apartment not far from his own, with so many private avenues to it, that it was impossible one would have thought to have made the least discovery of their private Congresses.

Under the Covert of this Retirement, *Polydorus* had several Opportunities to enjoy the Carresies of his endearing *Messalina*; while she on the one side labour'd for Pregnancie, and he on the other endeavoured to recover the Reputation he had lost in his first Venereal Attempts: Nothing could out-vie the Dalliances of these two Royal Lovers, unless the efforts of Youthful *Cleopatra*, to please her *Mark Anthony*, or the Gallantries of *Mark Anthony*, to gratifie his adored *Cleopatra*. Moreover, *Messalina* thought that if now she should prove with Child, the World would be the sooner Convinc'd of the Truth of her being Deliver'd of the Prince of the *Cambro Britans*; which made her more eager to devote her self to the satisfaction of her *Polydorus*. However Love had only

a Design to exert his power, and would not admit *Lucina* to come in for a share, in blessing the strong Endeavours of the Amorous Pair with effectual Success: 'Tis true Fame did her part and spread abroad a rumour over all *Gothland* and *Albion*, that *Messalina* was with Child, and so it holds; but as to that, it is left to Time to make out the truth of it.

By this time *Cupid*, who seem'd to study nothing more then to enlarge the Conquests of *Messalina's* Charming Eyes, had smitten the Heart of Young *Delphinus*, only Son of *Polydorus*, who began to be no less Enamour'd of the Bewitching *Messalina* then his Father: 'Tis true he knew nothing of certainty of what pass'd every Day between his Father and her. For now it being known that *Lycogenes* was gone of *Polydorus's* Errand, it was easie to feign pretences of Frequent Consultations with *Messalina*; but as the Actions of Princes will be pry'd into, in spite of Fate, *Delphinus* had some Inkling of the Intrigue. And indeed the more then ordinary Credulity and Obsequiousness of *Polydorus* to an Exild Princess, could not choose but Enhance her Suspicion. However Love is such a Tyrant, that what he will, he will have done. The Young *Delphinus* is inflam'd, and tho' he were pretty sure, that in giving way to his Passion, he must be his Father's Rival, and Fish in the same Stream with his own Parent, yet his Ardour was so Violent, that those Considerations could not with-hold him, nor stem the violent Current of his Affection: So that he never came into *Messalina's* Company but his Amorous Looks betray'd the Passion of his Heart; so easily discernable, that *Messalina* could not perceive the double Conquest she had made both of the Father and the Son. But *Messalina* who had Abandon'd her self over to the Father, made

made the Punctillio of Honour so much her present
Excuse for not condescending to the Son's Addresses,
that she still put him off with fair Complements, so
that all his Efforts prov'd ineffectual,

FINIS.

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